

THE EGOIST

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

Formerly the NEW FREEWOMAN.

No. 17.—VOL. I.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

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"CULTURE."

By DORA MARSDEN.

CULTURE has been for so long a "figure of fun" among the concepts that its recent hard-worked service in the interest of the solemnities is disconcerting. Clearly, culture may mean various things according to necessity, and we propose to suspend it in brackets and call it "Culture" until what it stands for is clearer. Its recent citation in opposition to militarism—which presumably is jingoism with a dash of stiffening—seems to point to an identification between "culture" and civilisation in the minds of our modern "fine" writers. It could easily be explained how such identification might arise. All modern English writers take it as granted that the development of civilisation, of the process which seeks to fix the nexus of society by means of words to the exclusion of any tests of violence and force, is a sign of steadily augmented vitality among men. From this point of view "culture" is the conscious recognition and abetance of the process: a means to an end whose excellence it proclaims and affirms at each step of the way.

"Culture," so viewed, becomes at least arguable, and this explains why "culture" has suddenly been provided with a platform by the "civilisation-school" in a moment of panic. Perhaps it is its very uncertainty and unworldliness which have stood it in good stead. Civilisation which prides itself on its fine tone is just beginning to look a trifle fat and gross in its need for a little toning. Civilisation which exercises strong egoistic pulls of the more pedestrian order finds itself being abandoned in favour of different egoist pulls which are not simply less gross, less commercial, less bent on five per cents., but are actually stronger. If, therefore, civilisation has special graces it is willing to sport them now. Hence: Culture, hardworked and solemn for the nonce. But "Culture," apart from momentary associations and special pleadings, has a meaning of its own. Culture

stands for something among plants; and it stands for something on the stock-farm. First it stands for a High Interferer who lifts the struggles of competition as between species and species out of the sphere of their own decision as cultured and uncultured; from being a contest waged according to their own merits it becomes a selection fixed according to the pleasure of the High Culturist. They compete not as they could, but as He wills, and fall into places as Weeds or Choice Blooms according to His requirements. The Elect of the Gardener grow and increase because He in this omnipotence makes bid for earth-room for them. He makes His Chosen the Favoured People, and lays an embargo on any attempts at encroachment on the part of the rejected Weeds.

Now human "Culture" is the verbalist attempt to carry out a human selection on an exact analogy with the sub-human one. There is one missing factor, however, and this being the potent one, it falls to "Culture's" part to supply it. There is lacking a High Gardener; hence the ushering of the Gods into the game. Since the game is earth-wide we must all play in it; since only the Chosen may prosper, we all elect to choose ourselves and create our Gods to prove the authenticity of our Choice. All our Gods we create on one principle: we create them in our own image, and give them proportions to match our own; then "Culture" sits in judgment and gives to the largest God the palm. Culture's function thereafter is to compose pæans of praise to the great Gods, and build a system of embargos—the codes of behaviour—for the small persons whose Gods are of such trifling proportions as to confer on their creators nothing more than the status of weeds.

Those persons of "culture," who, as we said at the outset, have made "culture" a figure of fun, are the possessors of the imbibing minds which still chant the old pæans of gods who are deposed. For the pæans last long after the gods are gone. Powers

pass and gods decay, but words are well-nigh everlasting. The daring of genius once wrote: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God." How could the origin of "culture" be better put. The "Words" have survived and accumulated, but the Gods have changed times innumerable often. It is because the culturists have had to stretch the old words to suit the new Gods and their systems, that culture has attained to the rank of the Grotesque.

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That human culture was plainly an impossibility for lack of a culturist to make the selection, was no reason whatsoever why it should not be put forward as admirable and practicable in words; rather it was a reason why it should. For false analogy is an instinctive dodge with the human intelligence which has established its position of superiority rather by means of cunning than by sheer strength. Tricks with a foe are human intelligence's masterpiece. Hence with the development of words, the culture-analogy, false as it is, had everything in its favour. The earlier human dodge of overcoming sub-human enemies by hurling weapons at them from a distance was an effort to protect themselves from the damage which results from an intimate trial of strength. Later, when men found their enemies among themselves, the more intelligent of them sought to overcome their feeble fellows without the trouble of a trial by strength, and invented "culture," whose essential function it was to furnish a super-gardener, who by his mysteriously intimate communications should persuade *these* that they are Weeds in the interests of *those*—His Elect. The Gods always play the gardener, making a bid for earth-room for their chosen by demanding that the non-chosen shall fall back to give them place. The disadvantage at which they are placed by comparison with mundane horticulturists in not being able to pull up the mean weeds by the scruff of the neck they make up for by installing conscience as their ambassador in each man's breast to ensure that his giving way to the chosen should be no whit less effectual. Conscience is looked to to lay on the embargo. And ordinarily it manages it. The Divine-Gardener though an absentee, protects his Chosen Ones exceedingly well, whether they be of the Church or of the State, or of some powerfully predominant Order. "Culture," then, is an instilling of information as to the great Culturist's good pleasure, where He would have the "hands off" order of the embargo principle specifically act; also it inculcates the properly submissive state of mind in which the rejected should carry it into effect.

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So it becomes still clearer why the civilisation-school should at a pinch identify its interests with those of "Culture." Civilisation, as its name implies, entails the laying of an embargo upon all those individual ways of taking possession and of making attack or reprisals which go beyond the spoken and written word. The individual's resources under civilisation in these respects are exceedingly limited, and these limits, from time to time are only defended by the administering of liberal doses of culture. Culture says, "Thus far and no farther." Asked why, she replies, "Because you 'ought,'" or, "You 'ought' not"—the only effective opposition to the "we can" and "we can't" of individuals. It is inevitable here in England now, that civilisation and culture should join hands. The English are the Chosen People of the present time; of course, they would prefer not to risk their possessions to a trial of strength, much as they are looking forward (vicariously most of them) to the fun of a fight. Being the ones in power and possession they naturally set much store on the showing of a properly respectful attitude by the rest of the world towards the embargo-principle. The feasibility of these recognising their "rightful" position as Weeds, and of being duly fearful of trespassing within the confines of the Elect is obvious. Praise of culture accordingly sits well on us. The gospel of remaining respectfully content with that area of territory whereunto we are all now "entitled": the

gospel that all differences about "titles" should be settled in words after the civilised manner we can whole-heartedly endorse: is a proud pleasure indeed even to make war for these very loftiest concepts of the cultural scheme. To acknowledge that "culture" only works well with such inferiors as acknowledge their inferiority: that it breaks impotently against the self-willed: that the Gods themselves change sides without a qualm since they must always be on the side of the wilful battalions which scorn every embargo not imposed by the limits of their own strength, would be an error of frankness from which sound English cant keeps us inviolably immune. England is "Mistress of the Sea," the "World Empire," and some other things beside: all the present Weeds that are Weedily-inclined—that is, all with Consciences—among the nations accept her at that, but such as have plucked out the weed-principle of conscience—the first conscious act of a living power feeling its strength on the increase—just bide their time: when ready they will challenge the Elect: so Germany now! So England in her time! Succession in the line of the Elect proceeds by self-election. The normal "principle" of possession is audacity to take hold and to stick fast, of which "principle" England in her prime has given brilliant demonstrations. But having "arrived," it suits her well to keep the veil of "culture" lowered until it is forcibly torn away. Happily for those who realise most how the mighty are made and kept, and how thin is the "veneer of civilisation"—and are accordingly the more anxious to be prepared for other than "civilised" eventualities, there is a happy release from the obnoxious if useful task of belauding the culture-trick: those whose tricked intelligence ordinarily they despise will scream its praises aloud: the "believers" in Civilisation and Culture are joined.

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There are, of course, those who say that castes, noble, kingly, or priestly, and Empires are one thing, but that Culture is something other and apart: something great, eternal; something to do with mind and the soul of man. Culture is Thought. Well and good: one has merely to distinguish afresh a difference many times indicated: the difference between Thinking and Thought. The function of Thinking is: destruction of Thought. Defective thinking, of course, will breed thoughts: but good thinking destroys them. Thinking might be compared with a system of drainage: bad thinking is like a bad drain, besides which the complete absence of drainage is relatively innocuous. The function of thinking is to end Doubt; Thought (in the sense in which we speak of the History of Thought, *i.e.*, as it is a synonym of "culture") is Embalmed Doubt. To receive a liberal education is to be made acquainted not with knowledge but with the Doubts of the Ages: the Miscarriages of the thinking process, now petrified in a gruesome misshapen collection as Culture. Scholars, indeed, ordinarily are quite mummified on account of their extended intercourse with decayed thinking. It is their aspect which happily has put "culture" at a discount. All that is virile is at war with thought. A virile thinker feels a nauseated disgust at first contact with "culture."

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It is certain that any who have been hypnotised with the decadent fascination of Thought have never given any vigorous consideration to what the thinking process, the intellectual, the reasoning process, really is. Yet it is a first necessity for making any headway in philosophic knowledge. It is as necessary to know the limitations of thinking as to know its powers. A modern philosophy tending to establish a fundamental distinction between intellect and instinct for instance, seems to show that there is still confusion as to what intellection is; consequently as to what it is capable of doing. Intellection is a process of treatment of images. It scrutinises, sifts, compares, collates and combines—images. Feeling, that is, life, defines itself into images: they are thinking's raw material without which to work upon the intellectual process is meaningless, as the process of a cotton-weaving would be meaningless apart

from cotton. The existence of definite images is the precondition of all intellection, and whether feeling results in such images or not depends on the power of life which feels. The ineffectual efforts of literary culture in the sphere of knowledge inasmuch as they have not been directed to definitely practical ends of popular deception interested to uphold some paramount, priestly, or secular Caste, have been efforts to make silk purses from sows' ears: or rather out of vigorous and ingenious passes made with the knitting-needles. Such "Culturists" have attempted to make a substantial fabric from a raw material so inadequate that it breaks into furze at the first touch of the machine; there has been no fabric, only a fluff-choked atmosphere thickly enveloping the thinker with his futile thinking faculty still forlorn of knowledge groping through a cloud of mystery. To set the reasoning machine afresh on the same shoddy stuff merely raises the cloud a little higher. It will all settle later to the old dead level. What philosophy requires is a bigger power of life inside the philosopher. What the philosopher requires is images which only he himself can provide. A man who feels powerfully will find that his intellectual faculty will work with certainty and power to that extent. Peasants, for instance, or wholly illiterate persons will speak with the shrewdest discrimination and certainty on deep human matters about which they have actually felt, where some University professor who has been reasoning the matter for a lifetime will sound empty like a rattle. In short, the image is the thing: the "problem" is, how to increase the power of human feeling and make human power grow and throb until it emerges from the obscure diffusion of vague feeling into the definite lines, sound, colour, movement of the clear image.

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It is doubtless this unspoken consideration which is in the minds of those few who being neither knaves nor nincompoops have recently joined in the loud talk of "culture" and civilisation and the profits of peace. They believe that the security of civilisation is the *milieu* in which the quiet weavings of the mind proceed best, and believe that in affirming this they are affirming something quite otherwise: that the stuff over which the shuttle of the mind passes is at its best under civilisation's security. It is a conclusion to which they have abandoned themselves over-quickly and without due warrant. Security, whenever removed far from the struggle which has won it, is a deadening influence: risk is the stimulus of living. A willingness to risk one's life to the uttermost is as regular a feature with men above a certain modicum of soul-power, as eyes are usual features in the head. Risk is as necessary as water and bread. Not because a man does not value his life, but because his life has imperative needs which he is at pains to satisfy, and of these the excitement of risk is one. Failing to get it he becomes bored: soul-sick. Boredom and monotony are the premier sicknesses of life: more deadly than privation and physical pain: they

make the soul faint: they are more repugnant than the fear of death. To keep alive long is a less thing than to live vividly and swiftly, if briefly. All martyrdoms and high adventures are proof of it. These are espoused not for the sake of a "cause" or for "duty," but for fun: heightened life. This absence of risk, this monotony of service in our fat, rich, and peaceful civilisation, cannot even enforce itself under such advantageous conditions. The spiritually-starved people construct risks for themselves, and paltry enough they appear. Lotteries, gambling of all sort, backing of sides in our vicarious national sports, are the mean-looking equivalents of the risks suppressed by the suppression of individual combat. Intoxicants, drugs, even militant suffragism, are the attempts of the over-civilised to come by the more vivid images which a life of less security and less monotony gives. Because civilisation does not produce adequate equivalents for these it is undermining life and weakening feeling to the vague blur of the imageless. And unfurnished with images intellect weaves the empty air; thinking is arrested, becomes barren, and degrades into thought. Feeling runs thin and Culture flourishes: sham artistry and tortured forms, fantastic wild dashes at wild theories replace honest Art, which is nothing more mystical or obscure than the expression of images sure, vivid, and sincere, seeing which men know that the images have lived in reality in the soul of their creators before ever attempt was made to make them live for others in the line, word, colour, or sound in which they take form. Art-expression of images whose stimuli come from the soul-thought inevitable to a strongly-strung race is a secondary matter: the primary affair is the strong life lived which means that images have come to birth. Power of life is the thing, and quite possibly this may find its full expression in the energising of an active and vivid existence. If so, though Art may seem poorer, the community will be as rich, perhaps richer. Quite possibly a life joyously, richly, alluringly lived, is the fullest and finest gift to his fellows a great genius can give. It is so easy to bruise the joyousness out of life in crushing life's essences to distil Art.

However that may be, it is certain that the profounder knowledge of the human heart which should be the burden of genuine philosophy, must pause until stronger feeling is at its service, and it will be all to the good when the hypnotism of security which relying on the steady return of five per cents. on the one hand, and the deadly monotony of mechanical labour on the other gives, shall have given way to something more "wasteful" and adventurous. "Wasteful," since all is well-wasted if the power to feel may grow. It is true that in the fat times of peace knowledge of images of which the stimuli is eternal and maniable, and can be produced and reproduced at will may, can, and actually does, grow. Science prospers in peace, but knowledge of images which are furnished by heightened heart-beats must needs wait until thinkers' own hearts beat high. Great philosophies can come only from lives greatly lived.

VIEWES AND COMMENTS.

WE are driven to speak in praise of moderation: usually it is in praise of "fun," which consists in "going too far"; as, for instance, in the case in point: our British cant. Cant in moderation is the most useful thing in the world: cant well and you will mount high: "well," here is a synonym of "in moderation": go too far and the people will of a surety laugh: the fun will have started and you will be undone. Now surely the talk of our "clean pure hands," and of "righteous war," of "war against Kruppism," and "war against war," has now reached even as Mrs. Pepys' wig at the end of six months' wear, the stage beyond which such things cannot very well go. Everybody who believes in the war at all believes that we are fighting Germany because the Germans would settle our hash for us shortly

if we didn't: that we are fighting not "to end war," but to win this one if we are lucky and can. As for the Germans one must suppose that their motives and intentions are very similar to those of the land-grabbing highwaymen who made the British Empire for us: it was not made in these days by the way—a most obvious remark which yet somehow seems necessary. It will doubtless with time break in upon most men that in disapproving of the German spirit as it is to-day, they are also disapproving of the spirit of Drake, Clive, Nelson, Wellington, and whether we care a brass farthing about the Empire or not, no one can be in two minds as to the quality of the spirit of these men. And its valuation can be diminished nothing by the smug disapproval of a generation grown so sleek off the spoils of their efforts

that it is incapable of recognising the same quality when they see it rise again in a foe. In short, oh pious English brethren, whether the Germans lose or whether they win, their present daring temper thrusts a phenomenon under your nose which you despise, not merely at your own peril, but to the derogation of the traditional spirit of your own country's past. Having said which one may seemly express the hope that the Germans will lose.

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To ascertain the causes which will explain the present slow rate of recruiting the wise-in-office are puzzling themselves very considerably; it is even being proposed that lecturing campaigns be organised to expound the "Reasons for this War" to the unenlightened industrialists of the North. The intending lecturers may as well spare their breath: it is not for lack of "Reasons for this War" that recruits are not rolling up. The explanation is in our opinion quite other. The people have always a reason good enough to justify a fight when they have discovered a good foe: that constitutes the "rightness" of any fight once they have decided on fighting. The causes in our opinion are various and pretty obvious. The first cause is quite accidental in its nature: the war trouble came too suddenly. The stage-management required to bring popular enthusiasm to boiling-point was wholly lacking. It is trivial, but for the moment it is efficient. Its effects must diminish with time. In the second place all the criticism of state affairs and of politics, domestic and high, which has been going on in recent years has not been without its effect. A large section of the working-classes have come to view "governments" with a very detached and aloof regard. The "State" itself, as distinguished from all the political dodges and trickeries, does not command unfailing respect. The knowledge that there is much spoof worked up into the dignity of the "State" has travelled very far. Men are not appalled at the suggestion of the "falling State": they can quite well conceive that the "State" may fall and the individual be none the worse: quite conceivably be better under the new "State" which would establish itself upon the débris. They comprehend, if only faintly, how the present "State" represent the forcible maintenance in power of an Order for which they have no particular love: working-class relations with their betters have not been notable in recent years for the amount of love they expressed, and when the "State" appeals to the workers these are acute enough to recognise their old friends the enemy under the benevolent heroic mask. It follows also as a corollary to this that they are not dazzled with the vision of Empire: they can leave that to the Germans, who are new to it: especially as, unlike the Germans, they have not had the fun of imagining it and preparing to build it. All of which tells. If, therefore, when the lecturers from Oxford and Cambridge are puzzled to see their audiences' faces twist up at the wrong moments, they can bear the above in mind: it will quite probably prove enlightening. Then, a further cause, the Church divines will be flattered and somewhat dashed to know, the Christian doctrine of "peace on earth and goodwill towards men" has, in the guise of a species of Revolutionary Brotherhood, penetrated the industrial classes, and they think that fighting is "*wrong*." This does not imply, one hastens to add, that they do not love fighting, or that they fear to fight: they have, we believe, a strong, if veiled, regard for it: but they consider that love of fighting is one of the desires that should be suppressed—they "ought not" to love fighting, and accordingly they deprecate it, even in expressing admiration for it.

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But these considerations are, we believe, subsidiary: the main reason is that the demand made on the men's circumstances stretches outside their means. Granting that, Christianity notwithstanding, the men are keen to fight, welcome the excitement, and are proud of the risk: there are few working-men who have not others dependent on them, and risk is too much of a personal pleasure not to be looked at askance when others who

do not share in the risk's excitement are involved in its consequences. It is not regarded as bravery: it is sized up as gallivanting. If the State cannot afford to pay for an Army it should confess its poverty and shut up shop: it is despicable to work on men's better feelings in an endeavour to make them callous to other equally praiseworthy feelings. The much boasted English voluntary system acts as a veritable Morton's Fork: the prospective recruit is impaled, no matter which prong he selects. Because his "will is not forced," because it is "left to his honour," all the stronger is the impetus to volunteer and to do one's utmost; if he fails to, he is held a "nothing." Someone was advertising in the "Times" last week for petticoats for all such. Should he volunteer, then, just because it is voluntary the choice is his own and the State is not responsible for his action. His pay is inadequate, and if his choice costs him his life, his dependants are left at the mercy of charity for adequate provision. It is really astonishing that Lord Kitchener has had the response he has.

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We should be interested to know why the intelligent at least among the working classes do not favour some form of national military service, either conscription or in some less stringent form. Doubtless it is the working of the "humanitarian" ferment! If only the French Revolution had never happened, or had guillotined all the fellows with a literary tendency, and if only Plato had never been born! However, these calamities have visited us, and here we are. It really behoves someone to speak earnestly about "humanitarianism" to working-men. It is not to their interests that they should be a "civilian" class animated throughout by the "civilian" temper; that is, if they are not content to remain permanently at the status of servants. There is nothing grotesque, incredible, barbaric, Prussian, what you will, in the small esteem in which the military caste holds the civilian. Such estimation is not due to Prussianism: it is due to human nature. Man for man the soldier holds the advantage: in a quarrel he is the better man: the civilian is in his power: the soldier protects him, cows him into submission, or kills him as the situation suggests. Consider Mr. Ben Tillett with his God and his ten thousand unemployed, scurried from Tower Hill. Call up the vision of an industrial multitude trying to assert itself anywhere in the world: it is that of driven beaten cattle, scattered civilians. As forces in an upshot, civilians barely enter into the reckoning. If society were an "organism" of course this would not much matter: plodding foot would always agree to the extent of its ability with the directions of the fighting head. Happily or unhappily, according as one is happy to agree with the precept that one should be satisfied with those conditions of life whereunto one is born, society is not an organism: and the members of the community are constantly at strife one with another. Only in a time of what we choose to call common danger is there a momentary co-operation and cohesion, when—it may be noted—the fighting head takes the lead. Even at such a time, so little is this cohesion a real and permanent thing—so little is society an organism that its governors do not even take care decently to string together the torn strands which mark off the definition of the fighting-head from the civilian body. The business of recruiting for instance: a civilian chooses to raise his status and join the army. Doing so necessitates the breaking of certain ties which are undoubtedly among the strongest in the civilian community: which offer the nearest approach to anything which might with any show of suitability be dubbed an organism: those of a man's family. Yet so little does the society really believe in its own rhetorical catch that it does not assume responsibility for the necessities of the soldier's dependants even when he has given his life to support its prestige. Still less does it actually care about civilian distress in general as caused by its action. It was necessary of course to put through a number of emergency measures to avoid panic and to steady the sources of economic power: this latter because finances must be kept steady in order that they may be available

and ready to be drawn upon as the needs of the defensive member requires. Civilians undoubtedly make small weight: there is quite a touch of pathos in their efforts to come in and count—as civilians—in military matters. See how Mr. H. G. Wells' trustful efforts to prove that "the State is acting as one man" by putting us all in boy-scout uniform have been summarily turned down: why even women could come up to fighting status on that strength. The military uniform must not be defamed by bringing it within reach of civilians and women. It is, it may be noted again, the popular humanitarian writers of light and leading who have been so keen on advising the civilians to *make up their minds* how the map of Europe is to be coloured after the war. How they imagine that individuals who carried no weight in forcing or preventing the war, which have no influence now in its actual prosecution can expect to be turned to in a distressful appeal to supply a cue when frontiers are being sketched out, it is difficult to conceive. Another instance one must suppose of the curious effects of the humanitarian fetish. Facts prove from moment to moment that the thin sentiments of the good-natured brotherly-lover are brushed aside as of no account in exact proportion to the importance of the game: yet the facts always fail to impress him. Is he not a man, a representative of Man, with a capital M, and of the Rights of Man, and therefore an important person, no matter how the case works out?

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It is possible that the humanitarians' distressingly confused mental muddle is due to a mistaken identification of "humane" conduct with just ordinary human kindness. What this mistake entails becomes clear when the differences of meaning between "human" and "humane" are brought out. "Human conduct" is men's conduct as it is; "humane" conduct is what men's conduct "ought" to be. Into this "ought" is pressed every sort of fad the humanitarian cares to patronise. Thus the humane one says you should eat no meat, because you ought not: that you are strong and powerful, and therefore ought not to do this, that, and the other; or you are weak, and he tells you you are lord of the earth, and ought to consider yourself the origin of power which the strong merely "derive" from you; that you ought to be protected therefore: and they propose to undertake your protection. Incidentally they propose that you ought to allow them to take any and every liberty with you which may come into their heads: all of course for your greater protection. The humane one, in short, had made it his fad to espouse the "Cause of the Weak"—often, it is cheerful to note, to the disgust of the weak—and his crusade consists in directing a multitude of words, reproachful and very "oughtful" against those who are trying to do the best they can for themselves to the best of their ability. Humanitarians are embargoists: they endeavour to lay the weight of their "ought" across other people's fads, and endeavour to inhibit them by an appeal to the conscience: their own fad they call the "protection of the poor"—to which they give such free rein that they are fast becoming the apostles of perpetual goal for the poor. They call it supervision; they are the friends—on a scientific basis of course—of the poor; looking at their ways one might think that they cherished malice against the poor, but one would be wrong. It is not malice but applied Social Science.

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That the "humane" writers have an enormous influence on the temper of the wage-earning workers cannot be denied: to such an extent in fact that from the emotional—the most important—side the workers view their situation precisely upside down.

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They are the under-dogs—they and the humane ones agree in that—and yet they are crying out about peace. But the cry of peace is seemingly only in the mouths of the top-dogs. England can, for instance, blandly enlarge on the beauties of peace and feel at ease in the rôle, but the Germans, for instance, have no illusions about the blessings of peace. A virile people feels

securely at peace when it is safe on the top: a virile people when it is not on the top will cry peace only when shown absolutely that excellent though it believes itself there is a power more excellent still. Why, then, are the "workers" so enamoured of peace?

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And they call for disarmament: call, that is, upon those who are more powerful than they to lay down the weapons which make them so. And it is the most devastating stroke of humanitarianism that it has succeeded in persuading the industrial under-dogs that their demand will be acceded to. As though a powerful order will not always see to its defences: the only way to meet a powerful order is to oppose it with another powerfully defended order. That is why the Germans are so inspiring. A worthy foe is as inspiring as a worthy friend. It is those who mistake the quality of both friendship and enmity who are depressing. They necessitate cuffing not combat.

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Very probably the humanitarian ideal has been encouraged by an unwarrantable extension of the "family" analogy. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are the kind of flowers which might be expected to flourish in the close circle of the family with its basis fixed in intimate affection. To believe that they will flourish equally in the social "family" is to ignore the unique characteristic which creates the family. It is just because there is not much love to be relied upon abroad which makes the love in the home noteworthy. The vitiating effects of the "womanising" influences now working in the social temper are due to an untenable presumption that a frame of mind which women can calculate to find in men towards themselves will be forthcoming from men towards men. Women are, of course, in normal cases even more physically defenceless than the male civilian: but in the attraction which they wield over men they possess a physical competence for the acquisition of power and status which does not come in a man's category. Women are self-protected by a competence which belongs to themselves; because they can neglect certain powers of self-defence it by no means follows that men can do likewise. Yet the humanitarian ideal is to rely for men's safety upon a softness of dealing which is only available for women. It involves a positively deadly miscalculation.

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We had thought that the funniest thing appearing in print since the outbreak of the war would have been the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb in the "Daily News," that when we have rooted up and eaten out last carrot the Distress Committee will fatten us on rations of beer and cakes—the amount to vary according to our progress in executing on the flute and doing fancy crotchet-stitches; or perhaps it was in mathematics. Anyway, whatever it was, the Webbs are completely outshone—by the "Spectator." Not in the course of a long vivid life have I read anything so inspiring as the "Spectator's" "Advice to Italy." These articles have positively clicked with wickedness. How they must have set the fresh mountain air blowing through the dry bones sheltering in English rectories. "Clean pure hands" indeed! And "Reasons for War!" The "Spectator" informs Italy that the sound reason for war is the chance of a good one: as for the occasion meet for war: the traditional form of defiance of the street *gamin*—for which hands are always clean enough—will serve when the time is ripe. Honest, selfish, shameless, the "Spectator" failed to be dull. When the journal resettles comfortably into its best clergyman manner, "Italy" shall be remembered to its credit. What a blight it is on life, to be sure, that honest speech is almost non-existent. One might even make terms with a life without war if speech were a little oftener stripped of its deception, its veilings, its cant. Sound words unsheathed might make as clean war as good swords. Perhaps! Perhaps for a first round: for the second the sword might have become imperative.

D. M.

NOTES ON THE PRESENT SITUATION.

By RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THERE seems now to be only one subject exercising everyone's mental and physical activities—the War.

The curious effects of this notable calamity on individuals could best be noted by a writer of the timbre of de Maupassant. Its effects on crowds might attract M. Romaine or some other one of the Unanimistes. (It is odd to think that these poets are probably in or near the fighting line.) The state of mind of the individual in a case like the present is undoubtedly influenced by the mob psychology.

* * *

Since this is so, what of the arts? For the arts are the expression of the individual—this in spite of the professors, of the public, which enjoys the flattery of supposing itself the creator of art, and of certain reactionary artists here and abroad. A great war like the present tends towards the creation of type as opposed to the creation of individuals. Patriotism is obviously a social virtue. A month ago Englishmen hated each other as individuals. Now, at the social touch, they are all men and brothers, hating intangible "Germans" whom they have never seen. This kind of social feeling does not produce art—for proof of this consult the war poems in the papers. The impulse is too vague, too general; the impulse of art is always clear and particular.

* * *

The truth is that we are all too much engulfed in the "group psychology" to be artists. All our energy goes in outside effort, in anxieties and hopes, in combating the general fidgetiness. Somewhere about there may be a modern Gautier, who, after the war, will emerge from his study, wonder what the cheering is about and say proudly "*Moi, j'ai fait émaux et camées.*"

* * *

"After the war." Ah, things may be different then. I am enormously tempted to theorise on the possibilities of the arts after the war. By all the rules we should have a popular art of great sentimentality and among the artists a movement akin to that of the symbolist school in France. Fortunately the gods have withheld the gift of prophecy from all men, so none of us can tell what the art of 1925 will be like. Possibly there will be no art at all—very probably, I should think. Anyway, lots of the cranky stuff of the last few years will be swept away.

* * *

I see at least two good results in this war—two good results I mean from a somewhat narrow and personal standpoint. First of all, numbers of the hangers-on of the arts, those dirty little vultures which hung around looking out merely for carrion, will be done away with. Since the arts now offer no effective remuneration whatever they will be practised only by real artists. (On the other hand the artists will be the first to starve. *Sic semper.*) The other good result is this. In a little while we shall be able to start work again, and since we shall do it purely for its own sake—as I hope we always have—it will at least be sincere. The most terrifying symptom of modern art is its complete insincerity. In London I know of only two artists who are not either charlatans, posers or "vaniteux."

* * *

But how completely demodé the posers will be after the war! If anything written in this century before the war is remembered ten years after it the author may almost consider himself a great man, at least a superior intelligence.

* * *

Think of the appalling number of tedious periodicals and books which will be produced during the war and after—all on the same subject! Have you reflected

what a prodigious amount of mental lassitude and boredom will result from this little excursion of the Kaiser? Reflect! Marinetti is probably at the front—sacro Christo! we shall have more poems! And far, far worse—for Marinetti is an artist—we shall have endless sentimental novels, novelettes, stories, pictures and patriotic music, all warlike and all damned.

* * *

Before the war there was a great deal of talk of dynamism. While it lasted I was never completely easy. It sounded all right, but somehow it never worked. It seems to me that the finest moments of my life and in my writing have never been brutally "dynamic," however "modern." "Children of our age" are we? No, children of our class. Certain superficial difference put aside, a poet or painter of to-day would feel more at home in the presence of one of his kind belonging to another century than with a bargeman or with a cavalry colonel of to-day.

* * *

That opinion is now a heresy because it was once orthodox. I believe I herald its return to orthodoxy. That is one of the curious anomalies of to-day. One must be at all costs heterodox and the difficulty is to know what is orthodox. Perhaps we shall know "after the war."

* * *

"After the war"—noble phrase! Better than the Spaniard's "*To-morrow.*" "After the war" we will pay our bills, enjoy universal peace, see the beginning of a new era, accomplish our dreams, be faithful to our wives. Alas, the war is the moratorium of Europe's good resolutions.

* * *

In these days there is one place which is free from the almost universal war scare. That is the British Museum Library. It may be that the man next one is studying tactics and the woman two seats off reading manuals of nursing and military sanitation. These little incidents do not disturb the perfect atmosphere of scholasticism. During the last few days I have read the most extraordinarily "high-brow" stuff. Things like "*Les cents Nouvelles*" du Roy Louys and Marguerite of Navarre's "*Heptameron*," Godeschalcus the mediæval séquaire writer, Firenzuola, who wrote of the beauty of women, and French translations of Greek novelists like Achilles Tatius, Longus and Xenophon the Ephesian. I had designed inflicting some of the results of my studies on readers of THE EGOIST. I spared them less from solicitude than from the mental indolence caused by the war.

* * *

I regret to see in to-day's issue of the "New Weekly" that this periodical may have to come to an end. I may say that I regret the "New Weekly's" possible decease extremely, because they occasionally allowed me to thunder through their pages. In an article in the present number Mr. Arnold Palmer says that though you can read Cervantes or Stendhal with guns booming under your nose, you can't read a "merely graceful, agreeable writer like Henri de Régnier." Curious coincidence; I am reading "*Romaine Mirmault*"—Régnier's last novel—with as much satisfaction as I ever read anything.

* * *

They tell me that although Régnier is the greatest stylist living he is not a great man because his work has no "significance." Ah, the villain word! Does it make any difference whether the "significance" of a book is simply that you get a complete impression of a French village in summer and of a young man kissing his cousin or whether the book's "significance" is cosmic and philosophically overwhelming? All these things are so little that the greatest is not much bigger than the smallest. The great war is not much bigger than the fight of two tom-cats.

* * *

Notice that this is a war of the bourgeois, rather rare in history. The aristocracy of all the nations engaged have no real hostility towards each other; the cosmo-

politanism of practically all artists and scientists rules them out; the people—except in France—have no particular feeling against the other races. I mean they don't hate them as our peasants hated the French in 1814 or as the French have hated the Prussians since Sedan. Only the bourgeois are left. They, poor souls, have been so terrified by the sounding rhetoric of the political and military writers in the more expensive magazines that they have hurled themselves at each others' throats from sheer funk. It is Aguecheek and Cesario over again, egged on by the Sir Toby Belch of the press.

* * *

The press, by the by, has at last got someone to sit on its head. What the ha'pennies call "Lord Kitchener's iron censorship" is a great joy to me. Think of the sensation mongers waiting with flaring headlines for the word of command and not daring to publish beforehand. If only Lord Kitchener would start a bureau for the proper supervision of literary writings—writers to THE EGOIST would of course hold an important position in this affair, *c'est bien entendu*.

* * *

Just now—at the beginning of this—I said how queer it was to think of Romans, Vildrac and people like that being in the French Army. I have just glanced through the *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui* and I find that in the first volume thirteen of the poets are liable for service—this includes Jammes, Paul Fort and Pierre Louys. Camille Maclair and Vielé-Griffin are also liable; so is Henri de Régnier, unless members of the Academy are excused.

* * *

While France sends poets, painters and probably philosophers to fight, England cannot even call up her cricket and football teams. I'm damned if I'll be killed while there are five hundred professional football teams, with their attendant ministers, unslain.

LARMARTINE : GRAZIELLA.

IT is not every book that can be read just as it comes, smelling of ink, from the printing machine. We must all at some time or other read the oldest of books for the first time. So I make no apology for the fact that Lamartine's "*Graziella*" was until quite recently new to me.

There are some things which are outside the range of criticism, using the word either strictly or in its colloquial sense. They have an appeal for you or they have not—that is all. A sudden glimpse of country caught for a moment through trees, the outline of a hill against an evening sky, a faint sound coming up from a valley, the movement of a wisp of mist in the early morning. These may arrest you suddenly, and appeal in an almost painful way, or they may leave you cold. It is a thing too elusive to be defined or explained.

So Lamartine's "*Graziella*." It affects me in just that powerful part-painful way. Its quality is certainly of that rare elusive kind. The story is a perfectly simple love story told quite unaffectedly, the setting very full of atmosphere, the characters vividly real despite the idealisation, the ending so quietly pathetic, so infinitely sad.

I believe there is no English translation. This is indeed as well, for although the story itself would translate easily enough, this other quality must certainly be lost in translation—unless Keats should reappear among us to render it in poetry! For to translate is necessarily to define. It was said by someone disparagingly of Wilde's "*De Profundis*," that the French translator found several passages of no exact translatable meaning. This was really the highest of praise, for the final achievement in the artistry of words is to convey some subtle quality, some real though elusive impression, that is too fine to be expressed by a word, by the cadence and music of a phrase. That was the achievement of Lamartine. "*Graziella*" is of a strange and mystic quality; its sadness is the very essence of sorrow; its beauty as the sound of music heard softly from afar.

MAURICE WEBB.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

CHAPTER III.—*continued*.

TIME passed.

He sat again in the front bench of the chapel. The daylight without was already failing, and, as it fell slowly through the dull red blinds, it seemed that the sun of the last day was going down and that all souls were being gathered for the judgment.

—*I am cast away from the sight of Thine eyes:* words taken, my dear little brothers in Christ, from the Book of Psalms, thirtieth chapter, twenty-third verse, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The preacher began to speak in a quiet friendly tone. His face was kind and he joined gently the fingers of each hand, forming a frail cage by the union of their tips.

—This morning we endeavoured, in our reflection upon hell, to make what our holy founder calls in his book of spiritual exercises, the composition of place. We endeavoured, that is, to imagine with the senses of the mind, in our imagination, the material character of that awful place and of the physical torments which all who are in hell endure. This evening we shall consider for a few moments the nature of the spiritual torments of hell.

Sin, remember, is a twofold enormity. It is a base consent to the promptings of our corrupt nature to the lower instincts, to that which is gross and beastlike; and it is also a turning away from the counsel of our higher nature, from all that is pure and holy, from the Holy God Himself. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment greater than all the others. Saint Thomas, the greatest doctor of the Church, the angelic doctor, as he is called, says that the worst damnation consists in this that the understanding of man is totally deprived of Divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is a being infinitely good and therefore the loss of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own sins and have lost it for ever. At the very instant of death the bonds of the flesh are broken asunder and the soul at once flies towards God as towards the centre of her existence. Remember, my dear little boys, our souls long to be with God. We come from God, we live by God, we belong to God: we are His, inalienably His. God loves with a divine love every human soul and every human soul lives in that love. How could it be otherwise? Every breath that we draw, every thought of our brain, every instant of life proceed from God's inexhaustible goodness. And if it be pain for a mother to be parted from her child, for a man to be exiled from hearth and home, for friend to be sundered from friend, O think what pain, what anguish, it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of the supremely good and loving Creator Who has called that soul into existence from nothingness and sustained it in life and loved it with an immeasurable love. This, then, to be separated for ever from its greatest good, from God, and to feel the anguish of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable, this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing, *pœna damni*, the pain of loss.

The second pain which will afflict the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as in dead bodies worms are engendered by putrefaction so in the souls of the lost there arises a perpetual remorse from the putrefaction of sin, the sting of conscience, the worm, as Pope Innocent the Third calls it, of the triple

sting. The first sting inflicted by this cruel worm will be the memory of past pleasures. O what a dreadful memory will that be! In the lake of all-devouring flame the proud king will remember the pomps of his court, the wise but wicked man his libraries and instruments of research, the lover of artistic pleasures his marbles and pictures and other art treasures, he who delighted in the pleasures of the table his gorgeous feasts, his dishes prepared with such delicacy, his choice wines, the miser will remember his hoard of gold, the robber his ill-gotten wealth, the angry and revengeful and merciless murderers their deeds of blood and violence in which they revelled, the impure and adulterous the unspeakable and filthy pleasures in which they delighted. They will remember all this and loathe themselves and their sins. For how miserable will all those pleasures seem to the soul condemned to suffer in hell-fire for ages and ages. How they will rage and fume to think that they have lost the bliss of heaven for the dross of earth, for a few pieces of metal, for vain honours, for bodily comforts, for a tingling of the nerves. They will repent indeed: and this is the second sting of the worm of conscience, a late and fruitless sorrow for sins committed. Divine justice insists that the understanding of those miserable wretches be fixed continually on the sins of which they were guilty and moreover, as Saint Augustine points out God will impart to them His own knowledge of sin so that sin will appear to them in all its hideous malice as it appears to the eyes of God Himself. They will behold their sins in all their foulness and repent but it will be too late, and then they will bewail the good occasions which they neglected. This is the last and deepest and most cruel sting of the worm of conscience. The conscience will say: You had time and opportunity to repent and would not. You were brought up religiously by your parents. You had the sacraments and graces and indulgences of the Church to aid you. You had the minister of God to preach to you to call you back when you had strayed, to forgive you your sins, no matter how many, how abominable, if only you had confessed and repented. No. You would not. You flouted the ministers of holy religion, you turned your back on the confessional, you wallowed deeper and deeper in the mire of sin. God appealed to you, threatened you, entreated you to return to him. O, what shame, what misery! The Ruler of the Universe entreated you, a creature of clay, to love Him Who made you and to keep His law. No. You would not. And now, though you were to flood all hell with your tears if you could still weep, all that sea of repentance would not gain for you what a single tear of true repentance shed during your mortal life would have gained for you. You implore now a moment of earthly life wherein to repent: in vain. That time is gone: gone for ever.

Such is the threefold sting of conscience, the viper which gnaws the very heart's core of the wretches in hell so that filled with hellish fury they curse themselves for their folly and curse the evil companions who have brought them to such ruin and curse the devils who tempted them in life and now mock them in eternity, and even revile and curse the supreme Being Whose goodness and patience they scorned and slighted, but Whose justice and power they cannot evade.

The next spiritual pain to which the damned are subjected is the pain of extension. Man, in this earthly life, though he be capable of many evils, is not capable of them all at once, inasmuch as one evil corrects and counteracts another, just as one poison frequently corrects another. In hell, on the contrary, one torment, instead of counteracting another, lends it still greater force: and, moreover, as the internal faculties are more perfect than the external senses, so are they more capable of suffering. Just as every sense is afflicted with a fitting torment so is every spiritual faculty; the fancy with horrible images, the sensitive faculty with alternate longing and rage, the mind and understanding with an interior darkness more terrible even than the exterior darkness which reigns in that dreadful prison. The malice, impotent though it be, which possesses these demon souls is an evil of boundless extension, of

limitless duration, a frightful state of wickedness which we can scarcely realise unless we bear in mind the enormity of sin and the hatred God bears to it.

Opposed to this pain of extension and yet co-existent with it we have the pain of intensity. Hell is the centre of evils and, as you know, things are more intense at their centres than at their remotest points. There are no contraries or admixtures of any kind to temper or soften in the least the pains of hell. Nay, things which are good in themselves, become evil in hell. Company, elsewhere a source of comfort to the afflicted, will be there a continual torment: knowledge, so much longed for as the chief good of the intellect, will there be hated worse than ignorance: light, so much coveted by all creatures from the lord of creation down to the humblest plant in the forest, will be loathed intensely. In this life our sorrows are either not very long or not very great, because nature either overcomes them by habits or puts an end to them by sinking under their weight. But in hell the torments cannot be overcome by habit, for while they are of terrible intensity they are at the same time of continual variety, each pain, so to speak, taking fire from another and re-endowing that which has enkindled it with a still fiercer flame. Nor can nature escape from these intense and various tortures by succumbing to them for the soul is sustained and maintained in evil so that its suffering may be the greater. Boundless extension of torment, incredible intensity of suffering unceasing variety of torture—this is what the divine majesty, so outraged by sinners, demands, this is what the holiness of heaven, slighted and set aside for the lustful and low pleasures of the corrupt flesh, requires, this is what the blood of the innocent Lamb or God, shed for the redemption of sinners, trampled upon by the vilest of the vile, insists upon.

Last and crowning torture of all the tortures of that awful place is the eternity of hell. Eternity! O, dread and dire word. Eternity! What mind of man can understand it! And remember, it is an eternity of pain. Even though the pains of hell were not so terrible as they are yet they would become infinite as they are destined to last for ever. But while they are everlasting they are at the same time, as you know, intolerably intense, unbearably extensive. To bear even the sting of an insect for all eternity would be a dreadful torment. What must it be, then, to bear the manifold tortures of hell for ever? For ever! For all eternity! Not for a year or for an age, but for ever. Try to imagine the awful meaning of this. You have often seen the sand on the sea-shore. How fine are its tiny grains! And how many of those tiny little grains go to make up the small handful which a child grasps in its play. Now imagine a mountain of that sand, a million miles high, reaching from the earth to the farthest heavens, and a million miles broad, extending to remotest space, and a million miles in thickness: and imagine such an enormous mass of countless particles of sand multiplied as often as there are leaves in the forest, drops of water in the mighty ocean, feathers on birds, scales on fish, hairs on animals, atoms in the vast expanse of the air: and imagine that at the end of every million years a little bird came to that mountain and carried away in its beak a tiny grain of that sand. How many millions upon millions of centuries would pass before that bird had carried away even a square foot of that mountain, how many eons upon eons of ages before it had carried away all. Yet at the end of that immense stretch of time not even one instant of eternity could be said to have ended. At the end of all those billions and trillions of years eternity would have scarcely begun. And if that mountain rose again after it had been all carried away, and if the bird came again and carried it all away again grain by grain: and if it so rose and sank as many times as there are stars in the sky, atoms in the air, drops of water in the sea, leaves on the trees, feathers upon birds, scales upon fish, hairs upon animals, at the end of all those innumerable risings and sinkings of that immeasurably vast mountain not one single instant of eternity could be said to have ended; even then, at the end of such a period, after that

mon of time the mere thought of which makes our very brain reel dizzily, eternity would have scarcely begun.

A holy saint (one of our own fathers, I believe it was) was once vouchsafed a vision of hell. It seemed to him that he stood in the midst of a great hall, dark and silent save for the ticking of a great clock. The ticking went on unceasingly; and it seemed to this saint that the sound of the ticking was the ceaseless repetition of the words: ever, never; ever, never. Ever to be in hell, never to be in heaven; ever to be shut off from the presence of God, never to enjoy the beatific vision; ever to be eaten with flames, gnawed by vermin, goaded with burning spikes, never to be free from those pains; ever to have the conscience upbraid one, the memory enrage, the mind filled with darkness and despair, never to escape; ever to curse and revile the foul demons who gloat fiendishly over the misery of their dupes, never to behold the shining raiment of the blessed spirits; ever to cry out of the abyss of fire to God for an instant, a single instant, of respite from such awful agony, never to receive, even for an instant, God's pardon; ever to suffer, never to enjoy; ever to be damned, never to be saved; ever, never; ever, never. O, what a dreadful punishment! An eternity of endless agony, of endless bodily and spiritual torment, without one ray of hope, without one moment of cessation, of agony limitless in intensity, of torment infinitely varied, of torture that sustains eternally that which it eternally devours, of anguish that everlastingly preys upon the spirit while it racks the flesh, an eternity, every instant of which is itself an eternity of woe. Such is the terrible punishment decreed for those who die in mortal sin by an almighty and a just God.

Yes, a just God! Men, reasoning always as men, are astonished that God should mete out an everlasting and infinite punishment in the fires of hell for a single grievous sin. They reason thus because, blinded by the gross illusion of the flesh and the darkness of human understanding they are unable to comprehend the hideous malice of mortal sin. They reason thus because they are unable to comprehend that even venial sin is of such a foul and hideous nature that even if the omnipotent Creator could end all the evil and misery in the world the wars, the diseases, the robberies, the crime, the deaths, the murders, on condition that he allowed a single venial sin to pass unpunished, a single venial sin, a lie, an angry look, a moment of wilful sloth. He, the great omnipotent God could not do so because sin, be it in thought or deed, is a transgression of His law, and God would not be God, if He did not punish the transgressor.

A sin, an instant of rebellious pride of the intellect, made Lucifer and a third part of the cohorts of angels fall from their glory. A sin, an instant of folly and weakness, drove Adam and Eve out of Eden and brought death and suffering into the world. To retrieve the consequences of that sin the Only Begotten Son of God came down to earth, lived and suffered and died a most painful death, hanging for three hours on the cross.

O, my dear little brethren in Christ Jesus, will we then offend that good Redeemer and provoke His anger? Will we trample again upon that torn and mangled corpse? Will we spit upon that face so full of sorrow and love? Will we too, like the cruel Jews and the brutal soldiers, mock that gentle and compassionate Saviour Who trod alone for our sake the awful winepress of sorrow? Every word of sin is a wound in His tender side. Every sinful act is a thorn piercing His head. Every impure thought, deliberately yielded to, is a keen lance transfixing that sacred and loving heart. No, no. It is impossible for any human being to do that which offends so deeply the divine Majesty, that which is punished by an eternity of agony, that which crucifies again the Son of God and makes a mockery of Him.

I pray to God that my poor words may have availed to-day to confirm in holiness those who are in a state of grace, to strengthen the wavering, to lead back to the state of grace the poor soul that has strayed if any such be among you. I pray to God, and do you pray with me, that we may repent of our sins. I will ask

you now, all of you, to repeat after me the act of contrition, kneeling here in this humble chapel in the presence of God. He is there in the tabernacle burning with love for mankind, ready to comfort the afflicted. Be not afraid. No matter how many or how foul the sins if only you repent of them they will be forgiven you. Let no worldly shame hold you back. God is still the merciful Lord who wishes not the eternal death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live.

He calls you to Him. You are His. He made you out of nothing. He loved you as only a God can love. His arms are open to receive you even though you have sinned against Him. Come to Him, poor sinner, poor vain and erring sinner. Now is the acceptable time. Now is the hour.

The priest rose and turning towards the altar knelt upon the step before the tabernacle in the fallen gloom. He waited till all in the chapel had knelt and every least noise was still. Then, raising his head, he repeated the act of contrition, phrase by phrase, with fervour. The boys answered him phrase by phrase. Stephen, his tongue cleaving to his palate, bowed his head, praying with his heart.

O my God! —
 O my God! —
 I am heartily sorry —
 I am heartily sorry —
 for having offended Thee —
 for having offended Thee —
 and I detest my sins —
 and I detest my sins —
 above every other evil —
 above every other evil —
 because they displease Thee, my God, —
 because they displease Thee, my God, —
 Who art so deserving —
 Who art so deserving —
 of all my love —
 of all my love —
 and I firmly purpose —
 and I firmly purpose —
 by Thy Holy grace —
 by Thy Holy grace —
 never more to offend Thee —
 never more to offend Thee —
 and to amend my life —
 and to amend my life —
 * * *

He went up to his room after dinner in order to be alone with his soul: and at every step his soul seemed to sigh: at every step his soul mounted with his feet, sighing in the ascent, through a region of viscid gloom.

He halted on the landing before the door and then grasping the porcelain knob, opened the door quickly. He waited in fear, his soul pining within him, praying silently that death might not touch his brow as he passed over the threshold, that the fiends that inhabit darkness might not be given power over him. He waited still at the threshold as at the entrance to some dark cave. Faces were there; eyes: they waited and watched.

—We knew perfectly well of course that although it was bound to come to the light he would find considerable difficulty in endeavouring to try to induce himself to try to endeavour to ascertain the spiritual plenipotentiary and so we knew of course perfectly well—

Murmuring faces waited and watched; murmurous voices filled the dark shell of the cave. He feared intensely in spirit and in flesh but, raising his head bravely, he strode into the room firmly. A doorway, a room, the same room, same window. He told himself calmly that those words had absolutely no sense which had seemed to rise murmurously from the dark. He told himself that it was simply his room with the door open.

He closed the door and, walking swiftly to the bed, knelt beside it and covered his face with his hands. His hands were cold and damp and his limbs ached with chill. Bodily unrest and chill and weariness beset him, routing his thoughts. Why was he kneeling there like a child saying his evening prayers? To be alone with his soul, to examine his conscience, to meet his sins face to face, to recall their times and manners and circumstances, to weep over them. He could not weep.

He could not summon them to his memory. He felt only an ache of soul and body, his whole being, memory, will, understanding, flesh, benumbed and weary.

That was the work of devils, to scatter his thoughts and overcloud his conscience, assailing him at the gates of the cowardly and sin-corrupted flesh: and, praying God timidly to forgive him his weakness, he crawled up on to the bed and wrapping the blankets closely about him, covered his face again with his hands. He had sinned. He had sinned so deeply against heaven and before God that he was not worthy to be called God's child.

Could it be that he, Stephen Dedalus, had done those things? His conscience sighed in answer. Yes, he had done them, secretly, filthily, time after time, and, hardened in sinful impenitence, he had dared to wear the mask of holiness before the tabernacle itself while his soul within was a living mass of corruption. How came it that God had not struck him dead? The leprous company of his sins closed about him, breathing upon him, bending over him from all sides. He strove to forget them in an act of prayer, huddling his limbs closer together and binding down his eyelids: but the senses of the soul would not be bound and, though his eyes were shut fast, he saw the places where he had sinned and though his ears were tightly covered, he heard. He desired with all his will not to hear nor see. He desired till his frame shook under the strain of his desire and until the senses of his soul closed. They closed for an instant and then opened. He saw.

A field of stiff weeds and thistles and tufted nettle-bunches. Thick among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay battered canisters and clots and coils of solid excrement. A faint marsh-light struggling upwards from all the ordure through the bristling grey-green weeds. An evil smell, faint and foul as the light, curled upwards sluggishly out of the canisters and from the stale crusted dung.

Creatures were in the field; one, three, six: creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, horny browed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber. The malice of evil glittered in their hard eyes, as they moved hither and thither, trailing their long tails behind them. A rictus of cruel malignity lit up greyly their old bony faces. One was clasping about his ribs a torn flannel waistcoat, another complained monotonously as his beard stuck in the tufted weeds. Soft language issued from their spittleless lips as they swished in slow circles round and round the field, winding hither and thither through the weeds, dragging their long tails amid the rattling canisters. They moved in slow circles, circling closer and closer to enclose, to enclose, soft language issuing from their lips, their long swishing tails besmeared with stale shite, thrusting upwards their terrific faces . . .

Help!

He flung the blankets from him madly to free his face and neck. That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins: stinking, bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him! For him!

He sprang from the bed, the reeking odour pouring down his throat, clogging and revolting his entrails. Air! The air of heaven! He stumbled towards the window, groaning and almost fainting with sickness. At the washstand a convulsion seized him within; and, clasping his cold forehead wildly, he vomited profusely in agony.

When the fit had spent itself he walked weakly to the window and lifting the sash, sat in a corner of the embrasure and leaned his elbow upon the sill. The rain had drawn off; and amid the moving vapours from point to point of light the city was spinning about herself a soft cocoon of yellowish haze. Heaven was still and faintly luminous and the air sweet to breathe, as in a thicket drenched with showers: and amid peace and shimmering lights and quiet fragrance he made a covenant with his heart.

He prayed:

— *He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory but we sinned: and then He could not safely visit us but with a shrouded majesty and a bedimmed radiance for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness not in power and He sent thee, a creature in His stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O light of the pilgrim! Lead us still as thou hast led. In the dark night, across the bleak wilderness guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home.* . . .

His eyes were dimmed with tears and, looking humbly up to heaven, he wept for the innocence he had lost.

When evening had fallen he left the house and the first touch of the damp dark air and the noise of the door as it closed behind him made ache again his conscience, lulled by prayer and tears. Confess! Confess! It was not enough to lull the conscience with a tear and a prayer. He had to kneel before the minister of the Holy Ghost and tell over his hidden sins truly and repentantly. Before he heard again the footboard of the housedoor trail over the threshold as it opened to let him in, before he saw again the table in the kitchen set for supper he would have knelt and confessed. It was quite simple.

The ache of conscience ceased and he walked onward swiftly through the dark streets. There were so many flagstones on the footpath of that street and so many streets in that city and so many cities in the world. Yet eternity had no end. He was in mortal sin. Even once was a mortal sin. It could happen in an instant. But how so quickly? By seeing or by thinking of seeing. The eyes see the thing, without having wished first to see. Then in an instant it happens. But does that part of the body understand or what? The serpent, the most subtle beast of the field. It must understand when it desires in one instant and then prolongs its own desire instant after instant sinfully. It feels and understands and desires. What a horrible thing! Who made it to be like that, a bestial part of the body able to understand bestially and desire bestially? Was that then he or an inhuman thing moved by a lower soul? His soul sickened at the thought of a turpid snaky life feeding itself out of the tender marrow of his life and fattening upon the slime of lust. O why was that so? O why?

He cowered in the shadow of the thought abasing himself in the awe of God Who had made all things and all men. Madness. Who could think such a thought? And cowering in darkness and abject he prayed mutely to his angel guardian to drive away with his sword the demon that was whispering to his brain.

The whisper ceased and he knew then clearly that his own soul had sinned in thought and word and deed wilfully through his own body. Confess! He had to confess every sin. How could he utter in words to the priest what he had done? Must, must. Or how could he explain without dying of shame? Or how could he have done such things without shame? A madman! Confess! O he would indeed to be free and sinless again! Perhaps the priest would know. O dear God!

He walked on and on through ill-lit streets, fearing to stand still for a moment lest it might seem that he held back from what awaited him, fearing to arrive at that towards which he still turned with longing. How beautiful must be a soul in the state of grace when God looked upon it with love!

Frowsy girls sat along the curbstones before their baskets of herrings. Their dank hair hung trailed over their brows. They were not beautiful to see as they crouched in the mire. But their souls were seen by God; and if their souls were in a state of grace they were radiant to see: and God loved them, seeing them.

A wasting breath of humiliation blew bleakly over his soul to think of how he had fallen, to feel that those souls were dearer to God than his. The wind blew over him and passed on to the myriads and myriads of other

souls on whom God's favour shone now more and now less, stars now brighter and now dimmer, sustained and failing. And the glimmering souls passed away, sustained and failing, merged in a moving breath. One soul was lost; a tiny soul: his. It flickered once and went out, forgotten, lost. The end: black cold void waste.

Consciousness of place came ebbing back to him slowly over a vast tract of time unlit, unlit, unlit. The squalid scene composed itself around him; the common accents, the burning gasjets in the shops, odours of fish and spirits and wet sawdust, moving men and women. An old woman was about to cross the street, an oilcan in her hand. He bent down and asked her was there a chapel near.

—A chapel, sir? Yes, sir. Church Street Chapel.
—Church?—

She shifted the can to her other hand and directed him; and, as she held out her reeking withered right hand under its fringe of shawl, he bent lower towards her, saddened and soothed by her voice.

—Thank you.—

You are quite welcome, sir.—

The candles on the high altar had been extinguished but the fragrance of incense still floated down the dim nave. Bearded workmen with pious faces were guiding a canopy out through a side door, the sacristan aiding them with quiet gestures and words. A few of the faithful still lingered praying before one of the side-altars or kneeling in the benches near the confessionals. He approached timidly and knelt at the last bench in the body, thankful for the peace and silence and fragrant shadow of the church. The board on which he knelt was narrow and worn and those who knelt near him were humble followers of Jesus. Jesus too had been born in poverty and had worked in the shop of a carpenter, cutting boards and planing them, and had first spoken of the kingdom of God to poor fishermen, teaching all men to be meek and humble of heart.

He bowed his head upon his hands, bidding his heart be meek and humble that he might be like those who knelt beside him and his prayer as acceptable as theirs. He prayed beside them but it was hard. His soul was foul with sin and he dared not ask forgiveness with the simple trust of those whom Jesus, in the mysterious ways of God, had called first to His side, the carpenters, the fishermen, poor and simple people following a lowly trade, handling and shaping the wood of trees, mending their nets with patience.

A tall figure came down the aisle and the penitents stirred; and, at the last moment glancing up swiftly, he saw a long grey beard and the brown habit of a capuchin. The priest entered the box and was hidden. Two penitents rose and entered the confessional at either side. The wooden slide was drawn back and the faint murmur of a voice troubled the silence.

His blood began to murmur in his veins, murmuring like a sinful city summoned from its sleep to bear its doom. Little flakes of fire fell and powdery ashes fell softly, alighting on the houses of men. They stirred, waking from sleep, troubled by the heated air.

The slide was shot back. The penitent emerged from the side of the box. The farther slide was drawn. A woman entered quietly and deftly where the first penitent had knelt. The faint murmur began again.

He could still leave the chapel. He could stand up, put one foot before the other and walk out softly and then run, run, run swiftly through the dark streets. He could still escape from the shame. Had it been any terrible crime but that one sin? Had it been murder? Little fiery flakes fell and touched him at all points, shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts. Shame covered him wholly like fine glowing ashes falling continually. To say it in words! His soul, stifling and helpless would cease to be.

The slide was shot back. A penitent emerged from the farther side of the box. The near slide was drawn. A penitent entered where the other penitent had come out. A soft whispering noise floated in vaporous cloudlets out of the box. It was the woman: soft whispering cloudlets, soft whispering vapour, whispering and vanishing.

He beat his breast with his fist humbly, secretly under cover of the wooden armrest. He would be at one with others and with God. He would love his neighbour. He would love God Who had made and loved him. He would kneel and pray with others and be happy. God would look down on him and on them and would love them all.

It was easy to be good. God's yoke was sweet and light. It was better never to have sinned, to have remained always a child, for God loved little children and suffered them to come to Him. It was a terrible and a sad thing to sin. But God was merciful to poor sinners who were truly sorry. How true that was! That was indeed goodness.

The slide was shot to suddenly. The penitent came out. He was next. He stood up in terror and walked blindly into the box.

At last it had come. He knelt in the silent gloom and raised his eyes to the white crucifix suspended above him. God could see that he was sorry. He would tell all his sins. His confession would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel would know then what a sinner he had been. Let them know. It was true. But God had promised to forgive him if he was sorry. He was sorry. He clasped his hands and raised them towards the white form, praying with his darkened eyes, praying with all his trembling body, swaying his head to and fro like a lost creature, praying with whimpering lips.

—Sorry! Sorry!—O sorry!

The slide clicked back and his heart bounded in his breast. The face of an old priest was at the grating, averted from him, leaning upon a hand. He made the sign of the cross and prayed of the priest to bless him for he had sinned. Then, bowing his head, he repeated the *Confiteor* in fright. At the words *my most grievous fault* he ceased, breathless.

—How long is it since your last confession, my child?—

—A long time, father.—

—A month, my child?—

—Longer, father.—

—Three months, my child?—

—Longer, father.—

—Six months?—

—Eight months, father.—

He had begun. The priest asked:

—And what do you remember since that time?—

He began to confess his sins: masses missed, prayers not said, lies.

—Anything else, my child?—

Sins of anger, envy of others, gluttony, vanity, disobedience.

—Anything else, my child?—

There was no help. He murmured:

—I . . . committed sins of impurity, father.—

The priest did not turn his head.

—With yourself, my child?—

—And . . . with others.—

—With women, my child?—

—Yes, father.—

—Were they married women, my child?—

He did not know. His sins trickled from his lips, one by one, trickled in shameful drops from his soul festering and oozing like a sore, a squalid stream of vice. The last sins oozed forth, sluggish, filthy. There was no more to tell. He bowed his head, overcome.

The priest was silent. Then he asked:

—How old are you, my child?—

—Sixteen, father.—

The priest passed his hand several times over his face. Then, resting his forehead against his hand, he leaned towards the grating and, with eyes still averted, spoke slowly. His voice was weary and old.

—You are very young, my child—he said,—and let me implore of you to give up that sin. It is a terrible sin. It kills the body and it kills the soul. It is the cause of many crimes and misfortunes. Give it up, my child, for God's sake. It is dishonourable and unmanly. You cannot know where that wretched habit will lead you or where it will come against you. As long as you commit that sin, my poor child, you will never be worth

one farthing to God. Pray to our mother Mary to help you. She will help you, my child. Pray to Our Blessed Lady when that sin comes into your mind. I am sure you will do that, will you not? You repent of all those sins. I am sure you do. And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him any more by that wicked sin. You will make that solemn promise to God, will you not? —

— Yes, father.

The old and weary voice fell like sweet rain upon his quaking parching heart. How sweet and sad!

— Do so, my poor child. The devil has led you astray. Drive him back to hell when he tempts you to dishonour your body in that way—the foul spirit who hates Our Lord. Promise God now that you will give up that sin, that wretched, wretched sin. —

Blinded by his tears and by the light of God's mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest's hand raised above him in token of forgiveness.

— God bless you, my child. Pray for me. —

He knelt to say his penance, praying in a corner of the dark nave: and his prayers ascended to heaven from his purified heart like perfume streaming upwards from a heart of white rose.

The muddy streets were gay. He strode homeward, conscious of an invisible grace pervading and making light his limbs. In spite of all he had done it. He had confessed and God had pardoned him. His soul was made fair and holy once more, holy and happy.

It would be beautiful to die if God so willed. It was beautiful to live in grace a life of peace and virtue and forbearance with others.

He sat by the fire in the kitchen, not daring to speak for happiness. Till that moment he had not known how beautiful and peaceful life could be. The green square of paper pinned round the lamp cast down a tender shade. On the dresser was a plate of sausages and white pudding and on the shelf there were eggs. They would be for the breakfast in the morning after the communion in the college chapel. White pudding and eggs and sausages and cups of tea. How simple and beautiful was life after all! And life lay all before him.

In a dream he fell asleep. In a dream he rose and saw that it was morning. In a waking dream he went through the quiet morning towards the college.

The boys were all there, kneeling in their places. He knelt among them, happy and shy. The altar was heaped with fragrant masses of white flowers: and in the morning light the pale flames of the candles among the white flowers were clear and silent as his own soul.

He knelt before the altar with his classmates, holding the altar cloth with them over a living rail of hands. His hands were trembling and his soul trembled as he heard the priest pass with the ciborium from communicant to communicant.

Corpus Domini nostri. —

Could it be? He knelt there sinless and timid: and he would hold upon his tongue the host and God would enter his purified body.

In vitam eternam. Amen. —

Another life! A life of grace and virtue and happiness! It was true. It was not a dream from which he would wake. The past was past.

Corpus Domini nostri. —

The ciborium had come to him.

(To be continued.)

THE PUBLIC.

I write wise words
And you hear them not.
I write words of folly
And you read in them
Words of wisdom.

THE REWARD.

If it were merited
There were no merit
In your love
For me.

M. C.

FIGHTING PARIS.

JULY 30. This morning it was impossible to find change. Post office and tradesmen besieged by people wanting to change notes; one lady grew quite angry with an unfortunate official because she could not oblige her. The evening papers were late. When they arrived there was such a rush for them that my coat was torn in the struggle. I took some boots to be mended, but the shoemaker refused to touch them, saying he had too many boots to attend to. These are the first tangible examples I have experienced of the state of affairs, not having been out for a week. Drums were beating all day. Tradesmen come with bills due.

Observations while watching train come in at the station: I cannot think how it is some people consider that warfare and the present stage of civilisation are antagonistic when, on the contrary, everything modern points to it. Machinery is martial, what is more martial than a railway train, a railway line, in fact every item of a railway system? Iron in itself is martial. And what more martial than aeroplanes and motor-cars? The very costumes worn by men in daily life are martial in their strict uniformity and utilitarian simplicity. Sports are martial. This is very much a martial age, yet "universal peace" was less spoken about in more effeminate periods. When men were less they never questioned the justice of fighting.

Gossip: I read in the papers that you have to pay for your drinks at the cafés in advance, many people expecting change for notes of a hundred francs on paying for a book. The dealers who sold the revolver to Mme. Caillaux with which she killed M. Calmette, advertise that if you want to aim straight (presumably at Germans!) you should practise shooting in their galleries.

AUGUST 1. News this morning of the murder of Jaurès. Murderer will be punished or put in an asylum while Mme. Caillaux is pronounced guiltless. Yet her deed was interested while his was disinterested. Went to town for the first time since a week accompanied by M. O. We take the boat to Paris, where we observe enormous crowds waiting outside Potin's, the grocers, also outside the Consular Agencies. The big drapery stores, though still open, are deserted. The salesmen stand about in slack fashion. Meet a lady who tells us she knows some young men have already been called to join their regiments. At Dr. de N.'s his secretary tells me the former has received information that the general mobilisation will be ordered this afternoon. He is preparing to join his regiment, as is also his man servant. I regret that he should leave without my being able to say good-bye to him and hope to meet him in the course of the day. M. O. says there is still no need for alarm, as many people said the order would be given out at three o'clock this morning. At a bank where she calls for the payment of a debt she had the greatest difficulty in procuring money. The streets are full of cabs and motors laden with families and luggage going in the direction of the Gares du Nord and Est. An apprehension seizes my friend who hastens home to prepare to leave that evening for the country. I proceed by métro to the publisher G. C. Here I learn a secret mobilisation has been in course for some days, many of the younger men having been called out singly. Mr. G. C. is absent and his brother, a married man with two little children, tells me, on inquiry, that if there is a general mobilisation he leaves on the twelfth day. I sympathise with him and he replies with simplicity: "Each one must do his duty." Thence to Mme. F. R. V.'s who is terror-struck. Her husband is in Switzerland and a telegram which does not seem apprehensive has just arrived from him, having been a day on the way. Now events begin to hustle each other. On leaving meet the poet G. C. C., who is expecting his notification to leave hourly. His face is already transformed; it is hard and settled and his manner is brief and practical. Rejoin Mme. V. as prostrate as ever. Several brothers and other relatives of hers will have to go to the front. Not being able to endure

inactivity indoors I propose buying supplies, rumours being about that prices are going up as supplies go out. Meet a man who says the mobilisation is ordered and the bills are posted at the railway stations, post offices, etc. I quickly tell Mme. V. and go to the station opposite where a small bill announces that the general mobilisation will begin from midnight.

People read it silently. I now telephone again to Dr. de N.'s to find I shall probably not be able to see him before his departure to join his corps. Return to Mme. V.'s, and our nervousness is such—after the recent strain that we make up our minds to distract our thoughts provision hunting. The streets are already crowded with weeping women and men carrying parcels (containing service boots) or portmanteaux. Cabs and motors race by carrying officers and mobilised men. We go through a very poor quarter, the Rue Mouffetard, and the silence and resignation in presence of events which affect the population very heavily are remarkable. The order has been out but an hour or two and from almost every house emerge men ready to march. The rapidity of it all is bewildering. The woman serving us in one shop is in tears; another is too distracted to count her change. Having left Mme. V. at her house I now make my way to the station, intending to take a train home. Laden with parcels I have to go on foot as there are no buses or trams to be had. We had already seen lines of motor-buses being driven to their warehouses at six o'clock. The silence in the streets, only interrupted by the incessant hoot of motor horns, is striking. Ministerial bills have sprung out here and there mourning the death of Jaurès and asking the nation for unity in this hour of general trial. The policemen guarding the senate-house carry huge revolvers hanging at their side. At the Gare Montparnasse the crowd is enormous and to my great surprise I find I am forbidden entrance by policemen at the doors. And it is well, for if I had entered I should not have been able to proceed through the compact mass of humanity inside composed entirely of men off to join their regiments. Here reigns a subdued excitement. The trains are, I am told, monopolised henceforth by military requirements. So back on foot to Mme. V.'s. I have omitted to say that while the cries of newspaper hawkers were heard during the whole week they have suddenly been hushed. One sheet appeared early in the afternoon with insignificant news, then, at six o'clock, came the later editions, notably the *Temps*—printed, like the morning ones now, on a reduced number of pages—announcing the general mobilisation of troops. We spend the evening on the balcony with the poet G. C. C., watching the motors race by, stray soldiery, a few enthusiastic processionists marching along singing and waving flags and breaking the otherwise ruling stillness. A quaint touch: as I was on my way to the station I met a newspaper-hawker who, being a little drunk, repeated incessantly: "All I know is I leave on Tuesday" (*tout ce que je sais, moi, c'est que je pars Mardi*). This he repeated over and over again. We go to bed very tired at a late hour. But how sleep on this night among nights? All through the darkness the motors race by with shrieking horns. I hear *porte-cochères* slam; the cry of "*la guerre*" reaches me every now and again from the street below, and finally the rain comes streaming down in loud torrents accompanied by thunder. But the motors continue to splash by. I rise to close the windows and see a front-door opposite gently open (it is three o'clock) to let out a couple of men carrying bags. They get into a motor waiting for them outside. The noise on the one hand, one's thoughts on the other, keep one awake. How shall we accustom ourselves, we who have been nursed on the idea of peace, to this new idea of war? How realise that thousands of men are suddenly taken from their usual occupations and homes and despatched—who knows whither and wherefore? And among these one's dearest and best. Anxiety as to the whereabouts of H. S. C., who has a duty to accomplish to his country, too, occupies my mind. He was in the provinces; where is he now? The other day he wrote: "I will not go to the front if you do not wish me to," for he belongs

merely to the so-called auxiliary corps. How shall I decide? All night long I ask myself the same questions. "Won't enough be slaughtered as it is?" Then: "How can I want him to avoid what others are only too ready to face and he not less than any? How can I demand that?" Hideous perplexity. And through the incessant demoniacal noise, when each passing motor seems to roll over one's body, one realises that all at once this Paris of ours has, as if by a miracle, been completely transformed. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, some unseen power orders us to accustom ourselves to conditions absolutely strange. So it seems as though we were dreaming—or playing a part in a tragedy, not a tragedy of life but an artificial tragedy. I remember the worried look and answer of an agent of whom I asked whether there were any buses running to the station this evening. His gesture and reply that he was sure he didn't know, were like those of an overstrained woman, and there was despair in them. What has everyone not yielded of energy in these last few hours? What are all the responsible authorities doing just now? Surely not resting? And one must marvel at the extraordinary flexibility of the state and municipal mechanism which can be so quick at scene-changing. Hence, perhaps, this sensation that we are in a play, or dreaming, for the transformation is reminiscent of the ephemerality of dreams and visions.

August 2. Morning brings a clear sky and a cooler atmosphere; a glorious summer's day. I rise, and the next event will be the arrival of the morning paper. This, when at last it appears, announces that Germany has declared war on Russia. The woman who keeps the newspaper-stall opposite hands me the paper with wet eyes, for her husband left last night. And she works on. The concierge is up nursing a baby; her eyes are red; her brother left yesterday, her husband goes in a few days. On every doorstep are whispering, softly weeping women. Never did I imagine such a sight would come within my experience. I have not believed in the possibility of universal peace, but unfamiliarity with warfare has blunted the edge of whatever one's anticipations might be. Verily, when we spoke so glibly of the advantages of war—we who are not pacifists, for how can we be?—how little we realised what it meant, how its effects entirely surpass every possible notion which is not founded on experience. And whoever has not seen husband, or father, or lover, or son go to the front, that is, into the unknown or too well known—is still ignorant of its horrors. A final good-bye to G. C. C., who wishes me courage; he, indeed, is not in need of any. Having been told there were no trains for civilians, I now make my way to the river. It is a Paris summer Sunday morning at its best. Having waited half an hour for the first boat (7.30) we are told the steamer service has been stopped. After waiting for a train that does not come, or when it does is brim full, and which, anyhow, will not go any further than the fortifications, I return to my friend Mme. V. The streets are now buzzing with motors carrying officers and men off to the stations to join their regiments. You see generals in carts, they having been unable to secure motors; many cabmen and chauffeurs have left their flags up, meaning that they convey gratuitously those who are about to fight for their country. Mme. V. goes out to inquire after a lady whose husband, a professor, left last night, leaving her with a little baby and practically without resources. In Mme. V.'s absence her husband, the poet F. R. V., suddenly arrives in a dust-covered motor from Switzerland. We were sure his car would have been requisitioned on the way, but they drove at such a speed they could not be stopped. The telephone at last brings me into communication with H. S. C. just arrived at a friend's house after an all-night's journey from Reims. So, after waiting a long time for a cab or motor, I trudge to the métro, which is still in more or less working order, for Passy. I had once succeeded in hailing an empty cab, but just as I was getting in I was almost pushed out of it by a gentleman who, on my protesting, informed me with regrets that he was, probably, in a greater hurry than myself, as he had to

join his corps at once, so of course I had to sacrifice myself for him. Had I not done so willingly the cabman, whose partiality was at once apparent, would have chosen between us.

How surprisingly calm and earnest in their duty are the employés on the métro line, though they know they are campaign-bound to-morrow or the day after. Not one seems so much as absent-minded. They punch their tickets as stoically as ever and, indeed what would be the consequence if the man at the wheel were suddenly to feel sentimental about himself? The passengers in the car are absolutely silent. This silence which has taken hold of Paris, usually so chattering, is most striking.

On alighting from the métro I meet Mr. R. "Are you off?" I ask. "On Friday," he answers. He leaves a wife and two little children whom he has had to send into the country into safe hands under the greatest difficulties. A few steps further I meet Mr. B. "Are you going?" "On Monday," he answers. He leaves a wife and a little boy of six. At last I reach Mr. de F.'s, where is H. S. C. The former opens the door to me. "Are you going?" "On Tuesday," he answers. He is a musician; one brother is an officer in service in Morocco. His mother left town, for fear of not being able to find trains later, to see another son in the provinces, just a few minutes before this one returned home. He will have to leave without having said good-bye to her. Here at last is H. S. C., worn out from having spent all night travelling from Reims to Paris in a train containing fifteen passengers per compartment. They were at Reims station at eight, waited till one o'clock for room in a train, and arrived in Paris at six in the morning. No one was allowed luggage except hand-bags. The past week had been one of great anxiety at Reims. No one had been able to sleep, partly on account of suspense, partly on account of the noise of marching troops and the cries of newspaper vendors. Every day there was a fall-off in the attendance at the College d'Athlètes till, on Saturday, as the knell of the tocsin announced the order for mobilisation, the Marquis de P., the president, came to look up and say good-bye to each. Capitaine Hébert had left for a fortnight some days previously. And then the remaining "pupils" shook hands with each other and wished each other "au revoir" till next year. After a long wait we get a stray and crowded train home. The passengers are already more talkative and brighter than yesterday. At home we find a few letters and papers from abroad which seem singularly out of date and inopportune. We don't even trouble to read them for they were written, and sent, prior to existing events—two or three days, that is, ages ago—and have, therefore, no interest. We go into our little green garden where the trees are laden with fast ripening fruit. No evening papers to be had but news by word of mouth of the Germans' arrival in Luxemburg, and more or less creditable stories about fighting and great losses on German side.

AUGUST 2.—Up at 6.30. Glorious weather. The little birds sing merrily in the trees. Who, in this country stillness, would think there was war in the world? We take a turn in the garden so fresh after the night's rain. Then leave for Versailles to see the recruiting officer. First, however, to the station for a paper and to the barber's. His shop is deserted and the *pâtissier* does the little shaving there still is to be done himself the loss of an eye giving him cause to deplore his enforced abstention from the ranks. "But," says he, "I will do the policing of the place." Gossip of the kind dispensed at village barbers. Rumour here about Brindejone des Moulinais' death. The papers confirm the presence of German soldiery in Luxemburg. The journey down to Versailles is remarkable. The stations are all guarded by military; our train is loaded with men each carrying a little bag, out of which often sticks the neck of a bottle filled with the national red wine (giving rise to the comment: "We shan't get any of that there" for a soldier has to provide his first day's food); the people at the stations, at the windows in the houses we pass, wave their hands or handker-

chiefs to our train and the men reply with jokes and laughter about spending their holidays at Berlin, etc. They are intoxicated with their own facetiousness, but the women, and especially the older ones, those who saw 1870, look downcast. Versailles, the great military centre, is a sight. Soldierly, horses, are everywhere. To reach the recruiting officer's quarters we have to pass before the château where William I. was crowned Emperor of all the Germans. An old man with an Imperial beard and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour who certainly saw the Franco-German war of 1870 for we shall have to specify the dates in future—looks delightedly at the preparations going on around him. He is all smiles. The town is as busy, as orderly and as silent as a hive. At the recruiting offices bundles of soldiers' clothes are being hurled down from a top story into carts below. The officer tells H. S. C. that until the declaration of war he will not be wanted and must wait his turn to be called out. With some difficulty we get tram conveyance to Paris. In the crowded cars we hear the most disparaging remarks about the Germans. The city, as we reach it, we find still given over to speed and silence. No one saunters to day in this habitually very sauntering town. It is strange to see all the work stopped on the dock-yards, on the scaffolds, on the roads which at this season are in repair. In some places you see tidy heaps of spades or other tools, placed there by men who left work for the ranks at a moment's notice. All of a sudden one phase of the city's life has stopped dead and another has come into being in its stead. In the silent Louvre quarter I meet a German who says he is about to enlist in the French army to fight against his countrymen. This, because he has interests here. I turn my back on him and his kind. At the restaurants I see officers and soldiers taking a last French meal with a hearty appetite. I returned by motor to Passy for lunch at M. de F.'s. In a crowd of some hundreds waiting for a tram I had found a lady who was willing to share a taxi with me; half-way there a young man with a bag jumped on to the box-seat asking to be dropped at the Invalides station. We took him as a matter of course. He civilly doffed his hat to us on alighting and we bowed as though he were a friend. During lunch with M. de F., who joins his regiment to-morrow, we hear a terrible, a most alarming noise. It is a mob of young ruffians and women who are smashing in the shutters and windows of a dairy-shop, the branch of a firm said to be German. These scenes have been going on all over Paris. Some absurd rumour had been spread that "Mr. Maggi," who does not exist, had fled to the frontier with thirty millions of francs in gold (a sum no one could carry) in his possession. Another, that within the panelling of the shops belonging to the firm there were mysterious inscriptions giving secret information to the Germans the day their army came into Paris. The truth is that, wherever the capital of the company came from, it supplied the best butter and the best milk in Paris at the lowest prices, but a report had been given currency that the company was German and here was an opportunity for rival dairy-owners to express their spite by encouraging these scenes. Some people say that the "Action Française" was directly concerned in them. Certain it is that one or two well-dressed young men took part in the pillage I witnessed, one of them leading the gang; the offices of the "Action Française" are next door. There was a singular concordance in these aggressions which took place in every quarter, including the suburbs, almost simultaneously—in the one, for instance, in which I live, and which is off the beaten track. At last a policeman arrives and, after a plucky struggle with the rioters, makes certain that there is no unfortunate person in the shop; after that he is helpless to cope with these savages, the number of whom increases from minute to minute. The arrival of two or three more *agents* is without effect, and the absurd work of destruction continues amidst screams and cheers. When the shop-front has been effectually broken in the furniture is hurled out into the streets and smashed to atoms with iron poles or whatever is handy. The fury of these male and female hooligans makes one

shiver with apprehension. They bang on the brass cans and exercise all the physical force they are possessed of on inanimate objects (had they been animate it would have been the same). At home we try to secure some butter and milk, for there is none to be had. I am not, however, asked an exceptional price for the cheese I still find. In the dairy-shop I hear that the *pultron*, a man of 45, left for the front this morning and now in comes a great fellow of 40 or so, who makes me think of Porthos in the "Three Musketeers," to say good-bye. He wants to kiss the dairy-maid. First she refuses, so he says: "You might let a man who is about to give his skin [his actual word is "hide"] for his country, kiss you. Who knows whether I shall bring this skin [i.e., hide] of mine"—slapping himself—"back?" And this argument naturally succeeds in vanquishing the dairy-maid.

August 4.—The morning papers announce that Germany has declared war on France. Early to town. In the compartment with us is an old man, whose rheumatism hardly allows him to crawl, neatly dressed in his best Sunday suit with a little green ribbon in his button-hole. He is accompanied by a young man. "Forty-four years ago," says he to us, "it was I who went to fight the Germans; now it is my son's turn. Ah! the Kaiser—the people all hold the Kaiser responsible and the rougher ones speak about bringing back his nose as a souvenir, bleeding him to death like a pig—I wonder whether he sleeps of nights, but I suppose he is at head of his army! And his sons are fighting too." On the way we pass numerous trains filled to overflowing with men for the front, officers of the reserve forces, etc., to whom everyone waves and cheers, but not too exuberant cheers. A few men, just a small minority of the very lowest class, look glum; one feels they would not have gone had they not known what would have happened to them for refusing. But the general tone is not one merely of resignation but of real determination; a wise enthusiasm without fanfaronade. "We are wanted," it seems to say, "we must go." Men past the age limit have re-enlisted or proposed to re-enlist. At the Gare Montparnasse, guarded by police and soldiery, the tickets are collected by young boys. Here we find it impossible to get rid of a cumbersome bag belonging to the German servant we have been obliged to dismiss. The cloak-room is closed, the shops where we are accustomed to deal are shut up, the few trams about are too crowded to admit us, there are no cabs to be had. While waiting for some conveyance, we see a procession of motor 'buses with drawn blinds, in which the seats have been removed, driven at a great speed up the boulevard by soldiers. On one 'bus we read the words "Golf, Boulogne." It has come all the way from Pas de Calais. Bills now appear ordering private owners whose motors and carriages have not already been requisitioned to bring them without delay to the Esplanade des Invalides. At last we see an empty taxi. As we get in an *agent* springs upon us. "The motors are needed for officers and soldiers; what title have you to take this one?" But on H. S. C. showing his "livret militaire" and affirming that we belong to his family we are allowed to drive off. The Invalides quarter is an interesting sight to-day. The square in front of Napoleon's tomb is filled with horses and soldiery; the brass helmets of the cuirassiers are covered with dark woollen bonnets. A little body of boy scouts carrying huge French and British flags passes us. (The papers this morning reproduced Sir Edward Grey's speech. Most of them are now printed on sheets of foolscap size.) On the parapets of the Pont de la Concorde sit people who want to see the soldiers. Our destination is near the boulevards. Here, at a safe address, we leave our unfortunate servant, an elderly woman who had lived long in France and who will probably be removed to a concentration camp. The papers this morning spoke about a poor German who in despair at the situation had thrown himself under a train; of an employé at a factory supposed to be a German who was lynched by a furious mob and carried dying to the hospital. At Passy I heard yesterday of a young man who had been badly molested and was not, as the person

who reported it said, "even German." But last night, a day or two late, martial law was proclaimed and all manifestations forbidden under penalty of court-martial. Mounted patrols guard the streets and short work will be done with rioters. Thank God for this! Bicyclists are very numerous everywhere. As there are no 'buses or trams the utility of this long-neglected vehicle makes itself felt. Many women ride. And now on the boulevards we see what has been done at the German taverns, the Café Viennois, and all shops bearing German names. At Appenrodt's the "Delikatessen" lie about disdained among the shattered glass. Every window has been broken to atoms, but the best sport was obtained at the Bohemian glassware shop bearing the word "Karlsbad." The owner of the Hôtel de Bade has thought it prudent to paste his birth certificate at the entrance to prove he is neither a German nor an Austrian. At Zimmer's a bill declares that the board of directors is composed of men of French birth, headed by M. Ballif, president of the Touring Club, and other gentlemen whose names are given with the specification that they are officers in the reserve or territorial forces, or have done the usual military service under the French colours. At Vanner's, the pastrycook's in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, the word "Viennoise" has been blotted out and a notice announces that the successors to the original firm are French and of the name Dijon. On other shop windows is written in whitewash or on paper notices that the owners are, for instance, Belgian or Alsatian. But all the shops, French or otherwise, except a few restaurants, bakers, and bootmakers, are closed. We find underground communication with the other side of the river and, calling at Dr. C.'s for some information, are told by the way that the ambulance services at the front are admirably organised. While sitting at a café near the Champ de Mars we saw some soldiers in a waggon unfurling a Union Jack. Home by train after buying some supplies and a tin mug, spoon, etc., for H. S. C.'s kit. Surprised to find that new timetables have already been printed, that everything is in perfect working order, and that trains will run to and from B. at the rate of about one an hour till further notice from early morning till 8 p.m. An order is out that wine-shops must be closed at 8 p.m., and eating-houses at 9 p.m. Though the papers say gas and electricity will not fail us any more than will the water supply we order coal at our usual merchant's. "I can give you one sack," he says, not being allowed to deliver more or having even the means, lacking men and horses. The man who brings the coal at once asks H. S. C. whether he is going to the front or, rather, "*est-ce que vous partez aussi?*" for such is the invariable expression. This little black man—black with coal dust—has been, he informs us, three years in Morocco, but he is still ready to fight the Germans and is off in a day or two.

MUBIEL CIOŁKOWSKA.

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be addressed to Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

PUBLICATION.

All business communications relative to the publication of THE EGOIST should be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, &c., made payable to THE NEW FREEWOMAN, LTD., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed "Par's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."

Terms of Subscription.—Yearly, 13/- (U.S.A., 3 dollars 25 cents); Six Months, 6/6 (U.S.A., 1 dollar 63 cents); Three Months, 3/3 (U.S.A., 84 cents). Single Copies 7d., post free to any address in the Postal Union.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

All orders, letters, &c., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, THE EGOIST, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

POEMS.

By JOHN RODGER.

SPELLED.

PEERING through the tangle of her hair
I saw
The sun shafts
Splintering.

The enchanted web
That was all bronze.

And in cool deeps behind
I dreamed . . .
While the warm shafts
Splintered
On that enchanted web
Which was all golden
Against my eyes.

Till blood grew thin.

UNDER THE TREES. III.

Wind waking in the leaves--
It is cold . . .
And pass wings?

Wind waking in the leaves.
Each cold star burns them
Till they stir
Under its spear.

Wind waking
Sad
And pitiful.

THE STORM.

No wind in all that place.
Only the sun beating down.
Like sleepy cats we moved within the shade.

And when I touched him
Such a thrill went through my arm
And ceased where my ring was . . .
It left me tingling . . .
The air was so full charged
Of the electric force,
It overflowed in mystic flare.
Pale blue, it dazed the sky
Pale blue
And vast
It challenged all the sky.

In the evening
A small chill wind
Brought back the moisture to our veins of wilted flowers.

The rain came.
Swarming.

Challenging the night the western sky lights up
Thundering.

And all the sky is in a flare
With all the winds
And all the stars
Rushing . . .
The rain came
Swarming.

The moon
Mad queen of the earth,
Walks in the pools,

On the bridge's edge
The raindrops burst in spray
Dancing.

VIBRO-MASSAGE.

Moist warm towels
at my face
smell queerly . . .
chill me . . .

I am afraid . . .

. . . Unguents
smoothed into my face
like yellow silk
over my forehead.
. . . smoothed into cheek
into hollow.

Spasm . . .
Stress . . .
Pain . . .
Pressure
of keen sweet tears
from the lachrymals.

Brows
Nose
Check
Chin
exploring . . .
murmuring . . .
pulsing . . .

Body waiting . . .
yearning . . .
dreading . . .

Again . . .

Ecstatic . . .
Eyes shut,
Body shut,
Muscles tense,
Ecstasy
like a kiss . . .
the touch of hated hands . . .

Moist warm towels
at my face
smell queerly . . .
chill me . . .

Cold wet towels burn me . . .
their smell of death.

TO THE LONDON SPARROW.

Gamins,
Drab and
Cockney
Wavering
but not much
between feeding and
. . . !

Thriftless.
Laying up children . . .
Dung growing less too.
What will become of you.
Your four broods yearly . . .
(or is it oftener.)

Will you go back to the country . . .
Corrupt poor relations . . .

THE RE-INCARNATIONS OF MR. BERNARD SHAW.

A SUPPLEMENT was recently issued with that Shaw-ridden journal, "The New Statesman," on the subject of the "Modern Theatre." Nowadays "the theatre" is an expansive term which is used to cover many evils, including the viewswite form of drama. Apparently the supplement was designed to prove this. It was also prefaced by a leader which summarised the sort of offensive claptrap that the "New Statesman" is accustomed to din into the ears of its ignorant readers. Here is a quotation or two:—

"For issuing this week a special Supplement devoted to the Subject of the Drama" (capitals not mine) "no excuse, we are sure, is needed. To the future historian the enormous progress of the theatre, etc., etc. (This is the "New Statesman's" leader writer's way of hinting that Mr. Bernard Shaw and his influence are about. Now for evidence of "the enormous progress.") "Half the best literary artists of our time have devoted themselves . . . to writing plays not for the study but for the stage; and our greatest literary propagandists are nearly all of them doing it"—(for £ s. d.). "Reformatory theatres and producing societies have sprung up everywhere with the object of staging plays which appeal to the brain and the spirit of"—(over-type virgins). "The modern theatre is, amongst other things a pulpit, a platform, a legal and economic research bureau, and a debating hall. And in another ten years it will be like this, only more so." (This sounds like a trade puff of the enterprising firm of Shaw-Sidney-Webb-and-Co.) "There is no earthly reason why we should not have plays . . . which call attention to syphilis and insanity"—(if presented in Lock Hospitals and sewers). Of course this "enormous" (intellectual and moral) "progress of the modern theatre" will not be carried on without the aid of the National cash-box and a cadger or two. So here is our leader writer's touching reference to the coming of a National Theatre. "It is quite likely that a National Theatre, when it comes, may have a very stick-in-the-mud and even a tasteless management" (No! No!). "But there will be a large official building, supported by public money which will display to the eyes of the man in the street the importance of the theatre in the communal life"—(and the dust-hole business). "The Royal Academy itself is a very poorly and uninspired institution as far as its products go. But its mere existence gives painting a status and thus ensures it respect" (O Hades! Hades!). Our first galley slave concludes, "And yet individual for individual, we are naturally no less intelligent than Germans, Russians and Scandinavians." (Are the Germans, Russians and Scandinavians really as bad as that?)

So much for the statement as to individual intelligence. Now for the proof. I come to the Supplement. This theatrical blue-book not only starts off with Mr. George Bernard Shaw, but it recks of him. One is simply bewildered by his re-incarnations. There are Bernard Roger Fry, G. B. Desmond MacCarthy, George Bernard Ashley Dukes, G. Bernard William Archer, George Granville Barker Shaw, and so on, and so on, and so on, till one staggers with the shrieks of the Shavian spooks. The real Shaw is the only one worth a moment's notice. Having nothing better to feed on, he appears feeding on the Cinema as the nearest he can get to the sublime in the theatre. Apparently he is aware of the danger of his subject for he confines himself to speculations on its moral aspect. But in ethics as in economics, Mr. Shaw's suppositions are as unreliable as his facts and it is therefore a waste of time to consider them. It is when he states a self-evident truth not bound up with the political or philosophical construction of society that we may attend to him. Take this statement for instance:—

"Now, the cinema tells its story to the illiterate as well as to the literate; and it keeps its victim (if you like to call him so) not only awake but fascinated as if by a serpent's eye. And that is why the cinema is going to produce effects that all the cheap books in the world could never produce" (nor all the cheap Shaw plays).

If this means anything, it means that the cinema has revealed to Mr. Shaw its amazing aesthetic-dramatic possibilities. It has shown him that underlying this crude photographic display is one of the first steps to the renewal of an unbiased primitive vision. When

Mr. Shaw saw the spectator "fascinated as by a serpent's eye" he really saw some of the great fundamental principles of the drama at work upon him. He saw continuity, unity, intimacy, rhythm, concentration, selection, simplicity—all these and other dramatic qualities and principles manifesting themselves and exerting a powerful influence. But he was not aware of the nature and significance of what he saw. If he had been it is conceivable that he would have seized the opportunity to answer this question. What will be the unconscious influence exercised by the cinema upon the spectator when its dramatic possibilities have been fully developed? And thereafter the questions arising out of it. Whether the effect of the cinema noticed by Mr. Shaw, does not conclusively prove that Mr. Shaw and his disciples have led the drama off the right line of development? Whether, therefore, the cinema is not likely to provoke to revolt the indestructible dramatic instincts of mankind? And whether, in drawing attention to the cinema and its dramatic possibilities Mr. Shaw is not in danger of confirming a suspicion which says that Mr. Shaw has a reputation as a playwright but no one supposes that he wishes it to be remembered. But these questions do not occur to Mr. Shaw. He is far too busy evolving Shaw the chastiser with scorpions from the picture show. The vision of the "moral" purpose of the cinema brings him to his knees in prayer. "O Lord," cries G. B. Savonarola, "give me a cinema theatre devoted wholly to the castigation by ridicule of current morality . . . and I shall be happy to contribute a few sample scenarios." Could self-sacrifice go further? Think of it, his verbal mind is occupied with scenario-writing. What a shock the news will be to the gift-of-the-gabbers, especially the one who, having discovered that Mr. Shaw is a great playwright, recently remarked in the "Times Literary Supplement" that, "His (Mr. Shaw's) characters turn themselves inside out and display the workings of their internal organs by word of mouth" (i.e., Mr. Shaw's word of mouth). My italics. As a scenic description this has merit of its own.

Next comes Mr. Roger Fry-Shaw. His attitude towards "Staging" is described in the words, "In general my principle would be the strictest subordination of everything to the dramatic appeal of gesture and voice." This is a close imitation of Mr. William Poel, to whom voice and gesture are everything, and is by no means impressive or convincing. It means that Mr. Fry has not discovered Drama or he would say, everything must be subordinated to the thing itself, not to its activities.

The see-saw bobs up and down. At one end is all-action Roger-Shaw, at the other all-talk Bernard-Fry. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy-Shaw appears carrying the old Adelphi. He is even more barren than the other two. He talks about "Melodrama," and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama is doing to rescue dramatic action from the present plague of words. That the tendency of melodrama is increasingly towards the assertion of action is clear from Mr. MacCarthy's own concluding words: "The development of recent melodrama has been away from high moral sentiments towards the catastrophes and ingenious thrills . . . Noble harangues are no longer essential." In fact, melodrama is striking its blow for righteousness no longer in the old Morality and wordy way but with a freshened approach to life and a new method that of movement. This tendency, however, is not in Mr. MacCarthy's line. He prefers Shaw and research work and resurrects Pixérécourt who, it seems, wrote melodramas. (After someone else had invented the game.) It was Pixérécourt who believed that plays should be constructed to appeal to the intelligent mass, not to the intellectual ass. We know that the belief of Mr. MacCarthy-Shaw is somewhat different.

To the two on the see-saw and the man with the old Adelphi is next added Mr. Granville Barker-Shaw who exhibits a blank page bearing the announcement that his article has been stopped. Mr. Bernard Barker in-

junctioned is obviously a matter of importance to nobody but Mr. George Barker Shaw. But I like his blank page. It is the best thing he has done as a journalistic hack.

Then comes Mr. Ashley Dukes Shaw accompanied by Professor Von Krafft-Ebing-Wedekind. In introducing the queer professor he feels the necessity of rising to the highest strains. This is how he does it:—

"He (Wedekind) is a tragi-comedian and a poet . . . an adventurer, an impresario, a fanatic . . . an ex-prisoner . . . gaol-bird . . . glories in vulgarity . . . writes lines no actor will speak . . . speaks them himself . . . outlaw . . . moonshiner . . . sets about the bloody work with solemn deliberation . . . His first play . . . upholsterer . . . pestered by adoring womenfolk . . . More flamboyant are such heroes as . . . an habitu  of night clubs . . . or Hetman who founds an International Society for the Breeding of a New Race . . . 'Erdgeist' . . . Lulu drifts . . . until at last she is butchered in a Whitechapel lodging by Jack the Ripper . . . Wedekind . . . affinity for the below stairs spirit of civilisation . . . a dramatist of the 'Police Budget,' a lyrical putman . . . His characters . . . vagabonds and criminals . . . indifferent to law, convention, decency . . . 'Fr hlings Erwachen' . . . a work of genius . . . dramatisation of 'die sexuelle Psychopathie' . . . The truth is Wedekind . . . a child." Italics mine.

Mr. G. B. Dukes' persistent admiration for this sort of lavalory playwright fills one with a sensation of nausea, and leaves one with a feeling that Mr. Dukes-Shaw is not one of the Supreme Intelligences. He is a Shavian, and a very little and very ugly one.

On the heels of Mr. Dukes comes Professor William Archer-Shaw. His machine-made stuff may be briefly dismissed. This mixture of a pedant and an ignoramus who always writes as though drunk—with cocoa, informs us that he has had his eyes on American dramatic activities since 1879. As a result he has got one eye banged up with the commercial theatre, and the other with the University and its imported culture. This is manifestly the reason why he makes no mention of the spiritual movement in the American theatre, of which Mr. Percy MacKaye is one of the most active pioneers. In spiritual matters pertaining to the drama the professor appears to have the vision of a Scotch beetle. It was William Archer who discovered the literary Ibsen; Bernard Shaw, the economic Ibsen; between them they murdered the spiritual Ibsen.

Three articles and a bibliography complete the Supplement. The secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre repeats what has been said in the London press ever since I gave the cue in the "New Age" over three years ago. Signor Antonio Cippico does his best to prove that the Contemporary Italian Theatre is dead and buried beyond resurrection. A glance at the bibliography reveals that Shaw is all there, and so are the usual Stage Society lists of "revolvers." The compiler knows his business.

Considered as a whole the Supplement has an air of ephemeralism, petrification and putrefaction. In style and ideas it is the work of minor pressmen. It stands for a form of drama rotting on the manure-heap of barren intellect and actuality, for a theatre devoid of every essential of dramatic feeling and experience. It displays a want of passion, enthusiasm, youth, impulse, lyricism, rhythm, indeed all the uplifting qualities of spiritual vitality. In a word, it is an accumulation of the amazing limitations of decrepit minds and will be justly celebrated for its accuracy of delineation. If any one of its contributors is aware of the vital changes which are taking place in the drama and the theatre, or has heard of the new laws or principles which are being formulated and applied, he is immensely successful in concealing the fact. That the beginning of perhaps the greatest period of the theatre is here, must be abundantly clear to all who do not inhabit the inanimate world. That aspiration has already outlined an exalted plan, and that the plan will be proceeded with as soon as the war has ceased, cannot be denied. And the great thing to be done in these unsettled and unsettling days is not to pile up rubbish heaps, but to determine and lay foundations. If war has forced a moment of waiting upon Art and Drama it has also opened the door upon Interpretation and Forecast. In another article I hope to deal with some new fundamental principles and a prophecy.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—ED.

* * *

CONSCIENCE AND AUTHORITY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

After studying Miss Marsden's last two articles, I think I see why she, though an egoist, repudiates conscience. It is the usual thing, uncertainty about the names of the word-pieces in the game. What she calls ego, I call conscience. What she calls conscience, I call fear. I suppose we must now argue as to which is the accepted and conventional application of the words. Unluckily we have not yet learned to argue by any direct method; we have to use words, though it is rather like fighting with clouds as weapons.

"The realms of conscience and authority are one," says Miss Marsden; yes, in about the same sense as the battlefield of two armies is one. Her metaphor of the sun following the mists is an excellent one, but it is a picture of conscience following authority rather than of the ego following conscience. I invite every reader to ascertain this by introspection, a method of ascertaining truth which I suspect Miss Marsden will think untrustworthy, though in fact all others are still more untrustworthy. Knowledge and belief are very different things, says Miss Marsden; and so they are; but it is introspection which gives knowledge; the senses and intellect give beliefs of all possible degrees of uncertainty, from the existence of the earth to that of fairies.

Miss Marsden has often and excellently pointed out how many of our beliefs are due to doing algebra with names and thus producing unreal solutions of a comparatively real equation (reality is all a matter of degree), but she falls into that trap herself repeatedly. For instance, she believes in class distinctions. "Democrats may deny them," she says. That is just what democrats don't; has Miss Marsden never read "Justice" on the class war? The class war is the shibboleth of social democrats; and you can't see the class war unless you see classes. To the true egoist there are no classes; they are merely ways in which one individual chooses to classify other individuals; and can only be regarded as being equally real with bricks and apples when the number of classes equals the number of individuals. Even if we look at economic classification alone "we all make our rewards what we can," as Miss Marsden herself says, and no two people can quite the same, and no two people want quite the same; so that classification is like drawing imaginary lines through a rubbish-heap. "It is not the receipt of wages which puts the wage earner in a lower status; it is the absence of the initiatory element," says Miss Marsden in answer to "R.R.W.," and the admission destroys the classification, for the initiatory element is never absent and never twice alike. I am a wage earner myself, and I am at this moment exercising initiative on the very things which matter most to me, by refuting Miss Marsden.

As for that mysterious class of powerful and conscienceless persons whom Miss Marsden does not want Miss Watson to call supermen, but for whom no better name is provided, they are only a class because they are imaginary or future. Miss Marsden hints at Napoleon and that dangerous lunatic Kaiser William, as specimens; Napoleon is far enough back to let us see his surroundings clearly, and we see that the surroundings controlled him about as much as they control me or any other reader of THE EGOIST, that he "served" as much as any conscript who died at his command, and that, like the rest of us, he was happy when he did what his conscience approved and unhappy when he did not. Miss Marsden says anarchist doctrine has point only if applied to the powerful; now suppose Napoleon was powerful and the other 300 million Europeans powerless, would the anarchization of the 300 millions have made no difference?

Miss Marsden seems to misunderstand the attitude of the Saviour. Like Miss Watson, I am one. It is my "whim" (the word Miss Marsden uses in similar cases) to live in a world of free individuals, so I do my best to make it so. Other people's freedom is almost as essential to my comfort as my own. And I am pleased to see that Miss Marsden agrees with me in practice, if not in theory, for she summarizes many pages of her philosophy by urging Miss Watson's possible victims to refuse to be "dealt with." I had Miss Marsden as a fellow-saviour.

* * *

The fighting instinct is no doubt an elemental need; but it does not follow, as Miss Marsden seems to think, that we were all secretly eager to shoot Germans or be shot by them. That sort of fighting, though no doubt the real original kind, does not satisfy the highly developed fighting instinct; for if you are shot you can't fight any more, and years of future delicious combat are either reduced to zero or transferred to an unknown world; and if you shoot the other man you can never beat him again, and the pleasure is too concentrated to be satisfactory. Primitive man understood this, and preferred to take his foe alive and torture him.

C. HARPUR.

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